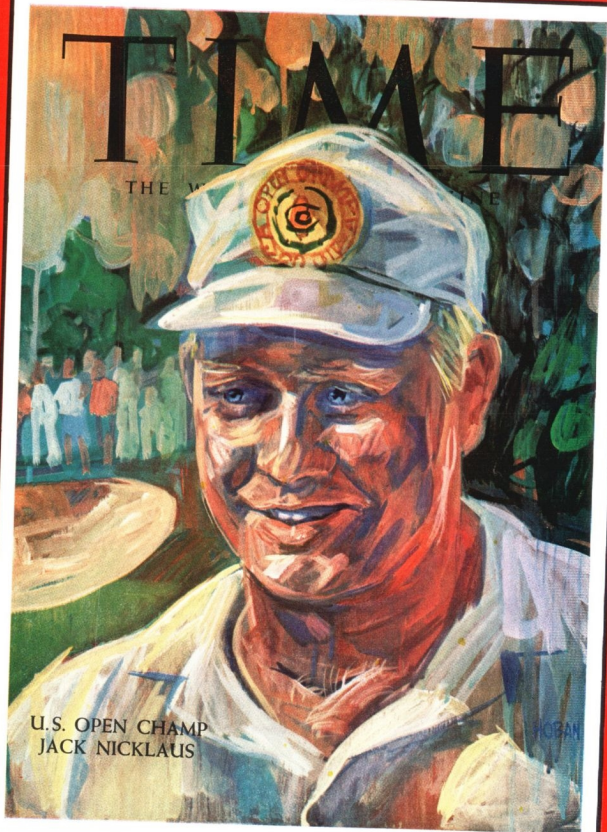


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 29, 1962

TIME

THE WEEKLY



U.S. OPEN CHAMP
JACK NICKLAUS

VOL. LXXIX NO. 26
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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TIME
June 29, 1982

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Volume LXXIX
Number 28

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LETTERS

The Reign in Spain

Sir:

As one who has lived in Spain and maintains a keen interest in its life and problems, I found your treatment of that troubled country judicious and accurate.

The Franco regime is an ugly, if somewhat mellowed, relic of the fascist era, and with its denial of basic civil liberties cannot really be acceptable to the new Western European community, founded on respect for human rights. The problem is, however, that ostracism may have the effect of solidifying popular support for Franco, as it did under the ill-fated U.N. resolution for diplomatic isolation in 1946.

By the way, was the issue with Don Juan on cover [June 22] banned in Spain?

JAMES VINCENT COMPTON

Lecturer in History

University of Maryland
Overseas Program
London

► Yes.—Ed.

Sir:

I lived in Spain for five years and never once felt as if I was in a "police state." I am married to a Spaniard who shows no signs of being oppressed by his government. I strongly protest the treatment of General Franco by the American press in general and TIME in particular.

The U.S. allegedly has as its No. 1 goal the winning of the battle against Communism. Why then must it label the honest-to-goodness anti-Communist activities of a country and head of state as the shenanigans of a big bad dictator?

The U.S. should instead stand up and cheer that Communism is being vigorously dealt with in Spain.

(MRS.) CYNTHIA RUIZ-FORNELLS
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sir:

The cover story on Franco Spain certainly points out another danger area to the U.S. Franco's impending demise gives rise to the notion of a creation of another Fidel Castro.

When the Spanish economy was tottering in 1953, and Franco with it, our "timely" assistance gave the Caudillo a few more years of despotic rule.

When will the State Department wake up and quit surrendering to the Pentagon, and stop using the policy of expediency to guide its foreign policy with regard to dictators of all stripes?

ROY GUTIERREZ

Canton, Ohio

Sir:

You wind up the Henry Koerner doll and it splatters paint all over your cover.

Nashua, Iowa

Nelson's New Image

Sir:

TIME has dealt honestly and clearly with Nelson Rockefeller [June 15]. The Governor has put New York on a pay-as-you-go basis and is responsible with other people's money. I heartily endorse Mr. Rockefeller to run the nation's affairs.

I feel very strongly about wealthy people. Most of the really responsible millionaires have been brought up to know what money can do for people. They have also been brought up to work. I doubt if many so-called "white-collar workers" put in half as many hours a day as does Mr. Rockefeller.

(MRS.) FRANCES M. WINCH

Newfield, N.Y.

Sir:

I am enchanted by Mr. Rockefeller's ability to rise above the petty semantic dueling between liberal and conservative and to make his decisions on the basis of whether "It's right, it's neither liberal nor conservative, but it's the right thing to do."

What a pity that conservative Senator Goldwater does not use this formula. Think of the votes he could get.

FRANCIS H. ASPINWALL

Skaneateles, N.Y.

Sir:

Owing to Rocky's changing stands on many vital issues (which you seem to imply is his fresh approach) in the past 15 months, my friends and I have given the Governor what we think is an appropriate nickname: Ole Weathervane.

MIKE BECKER

Ridgewood, N.J.

The Allegiance of Jews

Sir:

Your report "Can an American Be a Jew?" [June 22] does not properly represent the views of Prime Minister Ben-Gurion. He has never declared that Jews, wherever they might be, owe their first allegiance to Israel. For years he has stated that Jews outside Israel owe political allegiance to their countries of residence only. For example, in a statement in 1950, reiterated in 1962, the Prime Minister said, "To my mind the position is perfectly clear. The Jews of the United States, as a community and as individuals,

have only one political attachment, and that is to the United States of America. They owe no political allegiance to Israel."

This point never arose during Ben-Gurion-Prinz dialogue. Mr. Ben-Gurion foresaw American culture and society becoming as unitary as old-established European nations, and pointed out the resultant problems in maintaining Jewish identity.

THEODOR KOLLEK
Director-General

Prime Minister's Office
Jerusalem

► After the many comments that have been made in the continuing dialogue on this issue, TIME is happy to have this direct statement of Premier Ben-Gurion's position.—Ed.

Dessert Dance

Sir:

Your June 15 report of Dr. Raper's theory—that desserts should start the meal—has excited my husband more than the twist. Arthur has been eating dessert first for years, and now, finally, someone agrees with him.

Ex-ulcerite Arthur regards a foodless stomach as a puddle of acid. This, he says, must first be neutralized by something bland. He has cheesecake at Sardi's while others order martinis. He starts with custard at Le Pavillon as guests pepper their soup.

A long time ago, I once complained: "How can you order mocha cream cake for a first course!" Arthur said: "Whom do I have to impress—the headwaiter?" Dr. Raper can try that on his wife.

MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY

New York City

Teddy & His Brother

Sir:

As an American doing research in England under a U.S. Government grant, I am frequently asked questions by members of this august university about U.S. politics. This week the question is: How can one respect a state political system that has allowed itself to be bludgeoned by spoils system techniques and has nominated for election to the U.S. Senate a young man who has yet to distinguish himself politically or academically and whose only apparent claim to fame is that he is related to the President of the U.S.?

My reply: one cannot.

WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL
Cambridge University
Cambridge, England

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the Massachusetts' Democratic Convention. But your reporter must have been a good Republican or a brainwashed Eddie McCormack fan.

As a delegate with no post office appointment or any other deal and without "pressure, pressure," I pledged my vote and worked for Ted Kennedy. "The Man Who Can Do More for Massachusetts."

EVERETT J. FOLEY
Councillor

Newburyport, Mass.

Sir:

To the young Democrat from Massachusetts with senatorial ambitions: Ask not what you can do for your brother; ask what your brother can do for you.

PAUL KERBY

Greeley, Colo.

Sir:

As a TIME reader of some 14 years and a Democrat for about the same period, may I say I am just a bit weary of tiresome Republican readers who pester us so mercilessly with petty little anti-intellectual, xenophobic notes about Mr. Kennedy. He is a damn fine

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President, and everybody knows it, including his objective critics. I shall, of course, laugh all the way to the polls in '64. A landslide should prove especially delightful this time around.

BERNARD J. JAMES
Director

Center for Programs
in Government Administration
University of Chicago
Chicago

Sir:
The atom bomb scares me, sometimes Khrushchev frightens me, but the Kennedys absolutely terrify me.

(Mrs.) ANNA M. R. STONE
Weirton, W. Va.

Freedom of Truth

Sir:
In your story of June 22 concerning the views of Justice Black on freedom of speech, you incorrectly cite John Peter Zenger as being a victim of the Sedition Act of 1798.

Zenger (1697-1746) was brought to trial in 1735 for publishing the *New York Weekly Journal*, which contained articles attacking the arbitrary measures of the Governor of New York, William Cosby. Zenger was arrested on the charge of false and scandalous libel, and imprisoned and held incommunicado for nine months. Zenger's lawyer, Andrew Hamilton of Philadelphia, argued that the statements published were in fact true. In deciding for Zenger, the principle was established that the publication of truthful statements could not be considered libelous.

MELVIN DRIMMER
Lecturer in History

Hunter College
New York City

► Reader Drimmer is correct. Since *New York* was a colony, Zenger was tried under English law, which stated that "if people should not be called to account for possessing the people with an ill opinion of the government, no government can subsist. For it is necessary for all governments that the people should have a good opinion of it."—Ed.

Good Pest

Sir:
In the field of pest control, one pest is sometimes introduced to control another, more serious type.

As an exterminator, I certainly approve of "Pest" Harold Gross [June 15] and his methods of controlling the "waste-pests" infesting Congress.

R. L. HAWKS

Inter-State Exterminators
Wichita, Kans.

Sir:
More Gross in Congress would give us more net in the Treasury.

HARMON WESTON

Corona del Mar, Calif.

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TIME, JUNE 29, 1962

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

In a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, Golf Expert Herbert Warren Wind recalls that it was in the spring of 1960 that Arnold Palmer "won the Masters tournament for the second time and established himself as a most exceptional golfer." And it was then that he made our cover (TIME, May 2, 1960). Last week the great man was challenged by a brilliant young competitor, Jack Nicklaus, 22, who becomes the subject of this week's cover, written by Sport Editor Charles Parmiter.

Naturally, almost everyone (95%) in this management group reads a daily paper, though across the nation the most-read paper got to only 7% of them. On the average "yesterday," 68% of the managers watched some television, and 63% listened to the radio. The top-rated weekly TV show was seen by 21% of the managers, and the top weekly television news show by 10%.

Magazines are read by 64% of management men. One of the most interesting findings was the consistent throughout-the-week reading pattern for magazines. The average "yesterday" reading of TIME ran 8% on Monday, 11% on Tuesday, 14% on Wednesday, 13% on Thursday, 13% on Friday, 14% on Saturday and 11% on Sunday—a seven-day average of 12%. No other magazine, whatever its circulation, had a higher average of being read.

The highest "exposure" of all magazines was to TIME among the corporate officers in large companies. We also lead all magazines in average "yesterday" reading among managers of the top 500 industrial companies, which account for 57% of all sales in their fields. All of this does not lead us to say that to get ahead you should have TIME sticking out of your coat pocket as a status symbol: in fact, that word exposure means that we are really being read. This latest study fits in with the findings of a number of other surveys that show that—in just about any group—as the level of education, responsibility and income goes up, so does the readership of TIME.

FAST color printing is often used these days to capture the vividness of coronations, space landings, and other front page news. TIME uses it this week to enhance the coverage of an important prize-winning occasion in the art world—the Venice Biennale.

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Dead, Dying or Doubtful

I think we can elect a Democratic President, a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate, and I think when that is done this country can begin to move again.

—Candidate John Kennedy, Sept. 7, 1960

Last week Kennedy was in the White House, and the Democrats held overwhelming control of the Congress—64 against 35 Republicans in the Senate (one vacancy), 263 to 174 in the House. The result so far during the 1962 session of Congress: of some 50 bills, both major and of lesser importance, sent to the Hill with the Administration's imprimatur, only one of any real substance has passed. That was a \$435 million program to retrain unemployed workers for new jobs—and it was so modified by Republican-sponsored amendments that the G.O.P. could reasonably call the measure its own. As for the rest of the New Frontier legislative program, it is either dead, dying, or in deep doubt.

Last week came a real crusher in the humiliating House defeat of the Administration's farm program (see following story). In the hope that a farm-bill victory would set off a bandwagon movement for the rest of the Kennedy program, the Administration pulled out all the stops. "If we can pass the farm bill," said House Majority Leader Carl Albert, "it will be downhill the rest of the session."

But after the House vote, everything seemed to be slanting up. The Administration's plan for medical care for the aged was stalled in the House Ways and Means Committee. At best, the future seemed dubious for tax revision this year. Even the best and boldest of the Administration's proposals—its plan for liberalizing foreign trade—seemed in danger.

Down the Line. What has happened since those good old days of talking about how a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress could get things moving again? Part of the answer lies with the Democratic leadership on the Hill. Senate Leader Mike Mansfield is a fine gentlemanly fellow—maybe too much so for the hard political demands of his job. As for the House leaders—Speaker John McCormack, Carl Albert and Whip Hale Boggs—they have yet to prove that they can even count noses before the vote comes.

But the Administration has brought much of its trouble upon itself with its

passion for political maneuvers and power plays. In his public statements, President Kennedy repeatedly has urged Republicans to join with Democrats in "the national interest." But at the same time, he has sometimes seemed to be seeking more to embarrass Republicans in an election year than to achieve legislation. Prime examples are the President's medical care bill and his abortive effort to create a Cabinet-level department of urban

AGRICULTURE

Despite Persuasion & Pressure

If victory is all the sweeter when the battle has been hard fought, then the New Frontier was set to savor a very sweet victory when its farm bill came to a House vote. The Administration had battled long and hard for the measure. It survived in the Senate last month by the nervous margin of 42 to 38. It got past



DEMOCRATIC LEADERS AFTER WHITE HOUSE MEETING*
And now who can get the Congress moving again?

affairs. Result: Republicans have reacted against Kennedy's programs with a party-line unanimity rare in recent history.

Defecting Democrats. But Republican hostility cannot alone account for the dismal 1962 legislative record; there are more than enough Democrats to put the Administration's program across—if they would. Inevitably, many Southern Democrats have tended to side with the Republicans. Still other Democrats have reacted against Administration political pressures. And even more realize that the President is more popular than his programs with the folks back home. Nearly 200 House Democrats ran ahead of Kennedy in their districts in 1960, and they think they know better than he does what their constituents want.

During next fall's election campaign, President Kennedy is certain to urge the election of even more Democrats to Congress. And he may get them. But on the basis of the record to date, that will not necessarily ensure legislative success for the New Frontier.

the House Agriculture Committee by a single vote—18 to 17. Only a fortnight ago, its prospects of passing the House looked so dubious that the Democratic leadership decided to postpone the scheduled showdown so as to give the Administration more time to round up votes.

During the next ten days the White House used every resource to swing additional Democrats behind the bill. The Administration put together a package of 13 amendments to placate Congressmen from farm districts. White House liaison men prowled the Capitol corridors, cornering and cajoling doubtful Democrats. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman set up his own lobbying headquarters in House Speaker John McCormack's office, drew from one wavering Southerner a reluctant tribute: "He's the most persuasive man I've ever listened to." Illinois' Congressman Leslie C. Arends, the Re-

* Florida's Senator George Smathers, Albert, McCormack, Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Mansfield, Senate Whip Hubert Humphrey, Boggs.

publican whip, charged that Freeman, "by propaganda, by pressure, by political promises, by patronage and by projects, has been clubbing through Congress a bill that will enable him to club the farmer to his bidding." New York's Democratic Congressman Otis Pike complained in a newsletter to his Long Island constituents that "my arm aches from the twisting it has taken lately" on the farm bill.

Behind the Setback. On the day of the showdown, the Administration expected to win. But when the decisive vote came on a Republican motion to recommit the bill (send it back to the Agriculture Committee), the result was a stunning Administration defeat: 215 to 205 in favor of recommitting. Republicans voted almost unanimously against the bill—the lone Republican to vote for it (that is, against recommitting it) was Nebraska's Phil Weaver, a lame duck recently defeated in his primary race for renomination. But the Republicans could not have defeated the bill by themselves: they were joined by 48 Democrats.

There were several reasons for the setback. The bill itself was highly controversial. For the proclaimed purpose of holding down surpluses and thereby reducing the costs of price-support programs, the bill would have clamped on U.S. farmers a system of production and marketing controls far more extensive than any yet seen in U.S. agriculture (see box). On this basis, it was opposed by many farmers, and therefore by many farm-district Congressmen. The American Farm Bureau Federation denounced the bill as "folly" and fought it tooth and nail.

Annoyed at Arm Twisting. But apart from the oppressive aspects of the bill, the Administration's defeat was partly traceable to resentment of its pressure tactics. The virtual unanimity of the Republicans resulted not from any real unanimity of opinion on the bill, but from their accumulated hostility against the Kennedy Administration's methods. And at least some of the 48 Democrats who voted against the bill (among them: Congressman Pike) were annoyed at the Administration's arm twisting. Said the American Farm Bureau Federation's President Charles B. Shuman: "The outcome was a victory for 'farmers, consumers and taxpayers,' and for 'constitutional government' too. 'The American people should know the extent to which the executive branch of Government sought to bully or buy votes with political pressure. It's reassuring to know that a bipartisan majority of the House was able and willing to resist this shameful interference with the legislative process.'"

With its farm bill consigned to cold storage, the Administration hurriedly submitted to the House a substitute measure merely extending Secretary Freeman's current, noncompulsory grain program, under which producers of wheat and feed grains get special payments for cutting back on their acreage planted to these crops. The high support prices and the enormous surpluses remain.

THE CHAOS OF ABUNDANCE

A Dialogue About the Farm Scandal

Confusa: I see where the House of Representatives voted down President Kennedy's farm bill—and I don't even know whether to be glad, or sad, or what. Frankly, this whole farm problem completely baffles me.

Honestus: You've got plenty of company, Confusa.

Confusa: This bill was supposed to impose strict production controls on farmers. Why? I just can't understand how that would help farmers at all.

Honestus: It wouldn't. The idea was not to help farmers, but to help the Government.

Confusa: How so?

Honestus: Controls on farm production are necessary to protect the Government from the consequences of its own price-support programs. The Government supports wheat, cotton and several other major crops at prices so high that it is profitable to grow these crops and turn them over to the Government at the support price. If there were no production controls, then any farmer with enough capital and know-how could grow as much wheat or cotton as he could find land to plant it on, then unload the stuff on the Government. Price supports and controls inevitably go together in agriculture, as they do in other sectors of national life—diminished freedom is the seamy side of the welfare state.

Confusa: So Government production controls are already in effect, but they have proved to be inadequate—is that it?

Honestus: That's right. Despite very extensive controls, administered by thousands of Agriculture Department bureaucrats, farmers have dumped so much wheat, corn, cotton, cheese and other commodities on the Government that it costs the taxpayers more than a billion dollars a year just to keep the stuff in storage. Last year the Agriculture Department spent something like \$7 billion, largely for price-support programs. That was more than twice the combined expenditures of the State, Justice, Interior, Commerce and Labor departments all put together.

Confusa: But why does the Government support farm prices at all?

Honestus: Several factors help perpetuate the system. One is the inherent momentum of Government aid programs: once they get started, it is hard to stop them. The recipients of aid come to depend upon it and to regard it as an inalienable right; the bureaucrats who administer the programs acquire an interest in preserving and justifying their functions and powers. Another factor is sentimentality—a feeling that farm life fosters the old-fashioned virtues. Many defenders of the price-support system argue it is

needed to preserve the family farm, that disappearance of the family farm would weaken the moral fabric of the nation. And then—there's politics. The farm population has been declining for many decades, but farmers still make up a substantial enough minority in many states that legislators are wary of offending the farm vote. Finally, there is the brute fact of overproduction: the current output of several major crops in the U.S. far exceeds the marketplace demand for those crops. Even if the Government could somehow bring itself to regard the farm situation with cold and fearless eyes, it would still have to deal with this fact of overproduction.

Confusa: You say the number of farmers has been declining? Then why is there overproduction?

Honestus: Well, since the middle 1930s the number of operating farms in the U.S. has declined from nearly 7,000,000 to fewer than 4,000,000, and the farm population has shrunk from 25% of the total population to less than 10%. But a technological revolution has taken place in U.S. agriculture—the combined effect of more and better machinery, more efficient fertilizers, deadlier pesticides and higher-yielding hybrid plant varieties. As a result, productivity—production per worker—has increased much faster on the farms than it has in the factories. Just in the past decade, production per farm worker has soared 80%.

Confusa: Then the farm problem is simply a result of progress—this technological revolution in agriculture?

Honestus: No, not entirely. The overproduction is the combined result of the technological revolution and the Government's price-support programs. High price supports tend to bring on gluts because they divert land, capital and effort into production of the supported crops.

Confusa: It's ironic that price-support programs set up to deal with surpluses should create bigger surpluses.

Honestus: U.S. farm programs produce a rich crop of ironies. The price-support system was started during the Great Depression to keep farmers from going bankrupt. Yet in actual operation, it helps the poorest farmers least; the really hefty price-support payments go to the big operators. A notable recipient of price-support payments in recent years has been the Delta & Pine Land Co., a sprawling Mississippi firm largely owned by British interests; it's been getting more than a million dollars a year in price-support loans on cotton. Another irony is that, while supposedly helping to preserve old-fashioned rural virtues, price-support programs tend to make U.S. farmers dependent on the Government and put before them abundant temptations to cheat. Also,



MORE THAN STATE, JUSTICE, INTERIOR, COMMERCE AND LABOR DEPARTMENTS, ALL PUT TOGETHER

while the Government is trying to curb farm production, it is simultaneously fostering increased production through research, distribution of free fertilizer, and so forth.

Confusa: Does the Government support the prices of all crops?

Honestus: No, large segments of U.S. agriculture—meat, poultry, fruits, most vegetables—get along all right without price supports or controls. Secretary Freeman wants to extend production controls to some of these still free products, but so far Congress has fought him off. The main supported crops are wheat, feed grains (corn, oats, grain sorghums, barley—so called because they are grown mainly for livestock feed), cotton, tobacco and dairy products. Price supports are also in effect for some relatively minor crops, including rice and peanuts.

Confusa: And the production controls—how do they work?

Honestus: There are variations from one crop to another. The principal control device is the acreage allotment—a farmer is assigned a certain number of acres, depending on how many acres of that particular crop he grew in the past. For wheat, cotton, tobacco and a few other crops, the controls are mandatory—it is illegal to market these crops if they are grown outside assigned acreage allotments. A less confining system is in effect for corn and other feed grains: the farmer can get price-support loans only on feed grains grown within acreage allotments. But if he is willing to forgo price supports, he is free to grow as many acres of feed grains as he wants. Feed grains have been exempted from mandatory controls because of the vastness of the enforcement problem: the acreage devoted to feed grains in the U.S. is three times the wheat acreage, ten times the cotton acreage. A main feature of the Administration bill voted down by the House was that it would have extended mandatory controls to feed grains—requiring an enormous expansion of the Agriculture Department's bureaucratic webs of inspection and control.

Confusa: What would happen if the whole system—price supports and production controls—was simply abolished?

Honestus: If that took place all of a sudden, prices of wheat and some other farm commodities would probably fall so steeply that many farmers would get very badly hurt. Price supports cannot be abolished all at once: the producers who have come to depend upon price supports must be warned and given time to make adjustments. If price supports were gradually abolished over the course of, say, five years, U.S. agriculture could survive and even thrive. For growers of feed grains, the adjustments to a free market might not have to be very drastic: as feed prices fell, meat would become cheaper; people would then buy more meat, and the increased consumption of meat would support feed grain prices—supply and demand would come into equilibrium. For wheatgrowers, the adjustments might be more painful because lower prices would not bring about increased domestic consumption—people are not going to eat substantially more bread because a loaf is a few cents cheaper. Without any Government supports at all, the price of U.S. wheat might keep on declining to the point where foreign markets would absorb the wheat not consumed in the U.S. At internationally competitive prices, only large and efficient producers could grow wheat profitably, and many of the smaller farmers would have to switch to other crops or get out of farming. Overall, the effects of a free market for U.S. agriculture would be lower domestic food prices, expanded agricultural exports, a slower flow of capital investment into farming—and fewer farmers.

Confusa: Isn't that the essence of the farm problem—too many farmers?

Honestus: Well, it's seldom said that bluntly—even though it's so. Actually, there are two separate farm problems, which require separate solutions, and some of the confusion about farm policy arises from failure to distinguish between them. There is the problem of marginal farmers,

most of them in the South, who barely scratch a living from the soil; their difficulty is not overproduction but underproduction. The marginal farmer lacks the capital, land, energy, initiative, skill, or whatever else is required to earn a U.S.-style livelihood in agriculture in competition with commercial farmers. The other problem, of course, is overproduction. The Kennedy Administration proposes to deal with it by what it calls "supply management"—that is, imposing broader and tighter curbs on farm production while keeping price supports at high levels. The alternative approach, favored by the American Farm Bureau Federation, is to gradually decrease price supports to the point where they serve as a safeguard against drastic price drops rather than as an incentive to overproduction. Production controls could then be gradually whittled away, and perhaps abolished altogether. Basically, this was the approach advocated, but not clearly and consistently pursued, by Ezra Taft Benson, Agriculture Secretary under President Eisenhower.

Confusa: Is there any prospect that this approach of lower support prices and more freedom will be adopted?

Honestus: Benson's failure to make any progress in that direction was discouraging. But there are some hopeful signs. The Kennedy Administration at least recognizes that the cost of present farm programs is intolerably high. And the House did reject the more-controls approach. The Farm Bureau's advocacy of lower support prices suggests that many farmers are disgusted with the present system of high supports and entangling controls (with 1,600,000 members, the bureau is the biggest of U.S. farmer organizations). And it is at least possible that the non-farmers of the nation will some day come to realize that the present system hurts them both as taxpayers and as consumers, and get indignant enough to demand thoroughgoing reform.

Confusa: Well, Honestus, you can count me among the indignant ones right now.



BOBBY KENNEDY'S TERRACE & POOL
Kind of great, traditional fun.

THE ADMINISTRATION Big Splash at Hickory Hill

The guest list, 300 names long, for the outdoor dance at Hickory Hill, Bobby and Ethel Kennedy's country place in McLean, Va., was such as to make a splash in any sort of political society. Included were the Lyndon Johnsons, British Ambassador David Ormsby Gore and Lady O. G., Supreme Court Associate Justice Whizzer White, Mrs. John Glenn and her husband (who has been something of a fixture at the Hickory Hill luncheon pad since he got back from outer space), the Stew Udalls, the Orville Freemans, the Arthur Goldbergs and assorted White House aides, including Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Larry O'Brien. The guests of honor were the President's sister Patricia and her actor husband, Peter Lawford. There was, of course, the dance music of the comparable Lester Lanin.

All told, everybody had a dandy time dancing, sipping drinks, watching Harry Belafonte do the twist, and wondering what the stock market would do next.^Q But, as it does at many Bobby-and-Ethel parties, the 40-ft. by 16-ft. swimming pool took over. As a kind of gimmick, Ethel had thrown a 2-ft.-wide bridge across the width of the pool. Upon it, smack in the middle, were a table and two chairs. At one moment, Ethel was sitting there with John Glenn. Then Glenn was sitting there alone—while Ethel was floundering about in the water, bright red evening gown and all. Later, no one seemed quite able (or willing) to remember how she got there. Other guests quickly fished her out, and Ethel changed into a dry dress

^Q Latest anti-Kennedy joke making the circuit: If Jack, Bobby and Teddy were in a boat that was sinking in mid-ocean, who would be saved? A. The country.

and a brown wig that just happened to be on hand. But that was only the beginning: into the water, at the hands of persons unknown, went Arthur Schlesinger and Mrs. Spencer Davis, wife of a Washington broker and good friend of Ethel Kennedy's. They, too, were helped out, walked away dripping and rejoined the party wearing clothing borrowed from the host and hostess.

It was great fun—in a traditional sort of way. It reminded everybody of the time that Teddy Kennedy exuberantly dived into the pool fully clad, of how buoy-shaped Pierre Salinger was seen bobbing, fully clothed, in the pool with his cigar poking up and sputtering like a waning beacon.

The Moonlight Writer

Most job holders in Washington have specific duties laid out for them either by the Constitution or by the Civil Service or by the dictates of the job itself. The White House doorman, for example, mans the door. The White House gardener tends the rose garden. But what about Arthur Schlesinger Jr.? Well, he has a lot of jobs. But nobody seems to know quite what they are.

Aside from falling into pools, Schlesinger, 44, is a former Harvard history professor and prizewinning author (*The Age of Jackson*, etc.), who serves as President Kennedy's court philosopher, instant historian, vice president in charge of sparkling conversation, memo composer and occasional speechwriter. He also keeps Kennedy up to date on Latin America and the United Nations. White House staffers who need to try out new ideas often put them on Schlesinger's thought-train to see if they get off at Hyde Park. New Frontier hostesses prize his wit.

Hard at Work. Sometimes, Arthur's pen is hard at work. He writes book reviews, recently did a piece for the *Saturday Evening Post* ("The Failure of World Communism") and another for the *New York Times Magazine* ("The 'Threat' of the Radical Right"). For the monthly magazine *Show*, he writes snappy movie reviews. As to *Summer and Smoke*, starring Geraldine Page and Laurence Harvey, he loved her, hated him; as to *Lolita*, he loved it, loved her. He will soon have a new book, *The Politics of Hope*—which, contrary to rumors, is not about Bob.

Though an executive order forbids White House staffers to use their positions to earn money on the outside, Schlesinger justifies his moonlighting with the argument that none of his extracurricular writings impinge on Administration policies or pursuits, and that he turns his extra earnings over to worthy causes, including the Harvard Fund, class of 1938 division.

Even so, Schlesinger's activities last week got a raking over from United Features Columnist Henry J. Taylor. Taylor had phoned Schlesinger to ask whether his outside writing was not in conflict with the executive order. Somewhere along the line, Arthur called Taylor an idiot, and said: "It is obvious to me that I write for

people who have higher intellectual qualities than you possess." Finally, Schlesinger hung up on Taylor. And in his column, Taylor hung one on Schlesinger. "Any citizen," he wrote, "who thinks for one minute that the risks in general from the Schlesinger mentality, operating in abundance at the policy level, are overstated is tragically, tragically mistaken."

A Long Time. In quick time, newsmen were pressing Press Secretary Pierre Salinger for an explanation of Arthur's activities. Said Salinger: "He has been a historian and a writer for a long time, and his views have been published over a long period of time, and I think people still are interested in what he thinks on some of these issues."

THE ECONOMY

Mum's the Word

President Kennedy had decided that mum was the word about the U.S. economy. He canceled his press conference for last week, made no major public pronouncements. But while he was convinced that silence would serve best for the moment, he was having some trouble getting the word to the Administration's troops.

Just when Kennedy was trying to calm the business community,* Solicitor General Archibald Cox betook himself back to Harvard for a speech calculated to make any businessman blanch with dismay. His message: a way must be found to bring Government into wage-and-price-making decisions on a regular basis and at "a fairly early stage" in the process. It may be enough for now that the Government

* Last week former President Eisenhower, in a sharp attack on the Administration's economic policies, said: "The Administration seems almost driven to alienate major elements of the business community. Indeed, the official Administration posture can be interpreted only as: 'Business, get friendly—or else!'"



SCHLESINGER
Sort of an instant historian.

"make known, widely and forcefully, the general policies that it thinks would advance the public interest," said Cox, but "there are a number of reasons for thinking that in the long run some new procedural arrangement will be required." After all, "only the most cynical will scoff at the restraints imposed by reason and the desire to do the job right." Cox's clear implication was that Government is best able to judge the restraints imposed by reason, that Government is most highly motivated by a desire to do the job right.

Flouting the Forbidden. The President was irritated by Cox's speech. But the Administration had had plenty of opportunity to block it. When Justice Department Press Secretary Ed Guthman showed an advance copy of the speech to Washington reporters, they immediately warned that it would raise a ruckus. With

that advice in hand, Guthman took the speech to Cox's Justice Department boss, Bobby read it, approved it, and told Cox to go right ahead.

Even more disturbing to the White House, since it flouted a forbidden word, was a speech by a faithful, discreet and nonpartisan public servant, Commissioner of Labor Statistics Ewan Clague. In Atlantic City to address the Interstate Conference on Labor Statistics, Clague became the first member of the Administration to admit that a recession might very well be in sight. If the postwar economic cycle repeats itself, said Clague, a recession is likely to occur in 1963. Noting that many economists have been expecting a recession, he said: "The only question has been exactly when it is coming." If the stock market continues to fall (see U.S. BUSINESS), added Clague,

"I'd be worried about a recession early in 1963, instead of later."

Clague's speech hit the Administration hard. Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg, Clague's superior, issued a swift, snappish rebuttal: "The economic facts do not bear out such an assumption." Clague was telephoned, bawled out, and told to pull back. He and Goldberg worked out an "amplification." "I wish to make it clear that I was not making a prediction," said Clague, "only analyzing historic economic movements."

On a Toboggan. After the Clague flap, the White House ordered that economic pronouncements were to be limited to the top men—Kennedy, Treasury Secretary Dillon, Commerce Secretary Hodges and Chief Economic Adviser Heller. Even then, they were to be made sparingly, and Heller, in Paris for a 20-nation economic

THE GOLD DRAIN: How It Might Be Stopped

FEW economic problems have troubled John Kennedy more than the U.S. gold outflow—the steady erosion of the nation's gold reserves by foreign claims. Early in his Administration, the President determined to make a concerted drive to stem the flow. That determination remains. But many businessmen and economists are concerned about whether the Administration is actually doing enough to stop a long-term outflow that could eventually drain the nation's reserves to a perilous level and destroy international confidence in the dollar.

Although the U.S. still has the world's largest gold supply, it has been shrinking at an average rate of about 6.5% annually since 1958. This year alone it has already sunk by \$455 million, to a 23-year low of \$16.4 billion. Since \$11.7 billion of this total must be held by law to back U.S. paper currency, that leaves only \$4.7 billion in "free gold" to pay off foreign claims—some \$1.4 billion less than the U.S. would have on hand to pay out in the unlikely event that all claims were called at once. If the gold drain continues at the rate of recent years, U.S. free gold supplies could be completely drained in four or five years, thus creating an emergency not only for the U.S. but for the entire free world in which the dollar is the key currency.

The steady gold outflow is caused by a huge and continuing deficit in the U.S. balance of payments, reflecting the fact that the U.S. spends and lends (and gives) more abroad than it takes back home. Though the Kennedy Administration has measurably improved the balance of payments by various methods (including encouraging exports and limiting tourist purchases abroad), the situation is still serious. This year's balance-of-payments deficit is expected to reach at least \$1.5 billion, a billion less than last year's but a good \$500 million more than the Administration had hoped for.

The balance of payments accurately reflects the role of the U.S. on the international scene, where it has assumed many heavy burdens since World War II. Were it not for the commitments that it has made to help other nations prosper and to build up the defenses of the free world, the U.S. would be able to boast a nice fat payments credit. With that in mind, many economic thinkers are seriously examining what steps might be taken to improve the balance of payments, short of the undesirable measures of devaluing the dollar or imposing controls on capital movements. Among the possibilities that might be explored:

► Without acting in any antagonistic spirit, the U.S. might take a new, searching look at its foreign aid—where it goes, what good it does, and how it might be cut back. The U.S. has doled out nearly \$62 billion in foreign economic aid since 1945. Many nations may no longer need so much, and some, like Germany and Japan, have become so prosperous that they should be able to take on more of the burden of providing aid

for underdeveloped countries. The Administration could step up its policy of requiring nations receiving aid to make their purchases in the U.S., which now falls far short of the Administration's goal of having 80% of all financial aid sent abroad returned to the U.S. in the form of payments for U.S. exports. And the U.S. could cut its aid bill by insisting on more quality rather than quantity in foreign aid, much of which is now wasted by bad administration or outright corruption in receiving countries.

► The drain caused by military expenditures abroad—which have totaled \$29 billion since World War II—could probably be cut back without damaging the military posture of the free world. The U.S. has already persuaded Germany to offset the dollar cost of U.S. troops stationed there (about \$600 million a year) by buying an equivalent amount of arms in the U.S.; more pressure might produce similar arrangements with other nations. Some feel that the U.S. military abroad should be supplied directly from the U.S. on a larger scale.

► Interest rates could be raised to keep U.S. capital from flowing abroad and to encourage investment in the U.S. by foreign capital, now attracted to higher interest rates overseas. The danger: that higher interest rates might contribute to choking off domestic business activity, as it did before the 1958 recession, and create a worse evil than it was meant to cure.

► The balance-of-payments problem is directly affected by the general health of the U.S. economy. A booming economy would raise confidence in the dollar and spur capital investment and exports, all measures that would help lessen the payments deficit. The sluggish growth of the U.S. economy has been caused largely by a constant rise in costs, a squeeze on profits, and a seriously lag in investment. Holding down costs and encouraging investment in more modern and efficient plants would encourage U.S. products to compete more favorably abroad. Part of any tax revision program should be a cut in the corporate tax rate from the present 52% to below 50%—a move that would give a boost to both profits and confidence.

One way to encourage investment is a thoroughgoing overhaul of the U.S. tax system, which places a heavier burden on investment than in any other industrialized nation in the world. But real tax reform depends largely on responsible fiscal policies and a curb on excessive government spending. The fact is that continued deficits and steadily rising government expenditures make businessmen, both at home and abroad, fearful of the dollar's future. In the U.S. the result is deferred investment; abroad it often takes the form of cashing in dollars for U.S. gold. The U.S. obviously has not yet done enough to solve its balance-of-payments problem, but few solutions are likely to work over the long run unless the U.S. economy is growing at a brisk rate and U.S. businessmen feel ready to take on the world—in trade rather than aid.



ART STOUT

LEAD STOCKPILED IN INDIANA
An overweight diet of four metals.

meeting, kept a tight lip when questioned about the stock-market slump.

Kennedy's silence-is-the-best-policy stand is probably wise. For there is little question that much of the current economic unrest was caused by Administration words that spoke louder than deeds—beginning with Kennedy's abusive language toward the steel industry. Thus the *Wall Street Journal* last week reported that even furniture sales have slumped in recent weeks as a result of widespread economic uncertainty. Said Martin Lammet III, president of St. Louis' Lammert Furniture Co.: "Business was great. Then Kennedy started feuding with business, the stock market slumped, and our sales have been on a toboggan ever since."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Fat Cousin

The scandalous U.S. farm hoard has a fat and sloppy cousin in the stockpiling program, which has gorged itself with \$8.7 billion worth of war-emergency materials. This is more than twice as much as the Pentagon believes the U.S. needs for a three-year war. An investigation of stockpiling by a Senate Armed Services subcommittee has indicated that efforts to cut the surplus were blocked by Government agencies, pressure from industry, and downright inefficiency. Last week the subcommittee was told a tale, involving both the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, of four metals:

► **LEAD AND ZINC** are low-priority items (90% of U.S. needs are supplied from the U.S. and adjacent Canada and Mexico) that reached their stockpile objective in 1954. Yet the Eisenhower Administration ordered the Government to purchase an additional 760,000 tons at prices above the market—which cost some \$300 million—and made the purchases without the customary competitive bidding. The purpose of the purchases, testified Felix E.

Wormser, former Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Mineral Resources, was not to hoard critical and scarce materials—the goal of the stockpiling program—but to shore up production and prices in the troubled minerals industry. Wormser, who came to the Government from his job as vice president of St. Joseph Lead Co. (40% of U.S. lead production) and later returned to it, testified that he wanted to bring better days to the lead and zinc industry, personally suggested the above-market purchase prices. To justify the additional purchases, the Government periodically revised the metals' stockpile objective upward. Result: under objectives since revised, the Government surplus of lead is 384%, of zinc 788%.

► **ALUMINUM.** Until recently, seven Government agencies had veto power over any plans to dispose of surplus items—and they frequently used that power. Between 1958 and 1961, the General Services Administration, which oversees the stockpile, made three requests to sell small lots of sub-specification aluminum. Though the aluminum industry was selling millions of dollars worth of the metal to the Government every year, and thereby adding to the surplus, it complained that it would be "unfair for the Government to put this aluminum on the market." Heeding the objections, the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization prevented the sale.

► **TUNGSTEN.** Even after President Kennedy said in January that he was "astonished" at the huge stockpiles and triggered an investigation, federal bureaucracy blocked an eminently sensible sale of tungsten. In March, three electric companies—Westinghouse, General Electric and Sylvania—were ready to buy 5,000,000 lbs. of tungsten from the stockpile at market prices to use in making lamps to fill a Government contract. But the Interior Department vetoed the sale on the ground that it would curtail demand. Result: one of the companies had to buy its tungsten abroad, thus adding to the balance-of-payments deficit. Though the stockpile objective for tungsten is 50 million lbs., the Government is now stuck with more than three times that amount.

Since the first of the year, the Administration has moved to ease the stockpile burden. It set up a Cabinet-level committee to review the program, last April eliminated the veto held by five Government departments. The Administration has drawn up a long-range disposal plan that it hopes will lead to sales of more than small, odd-lot quantities. Last fortnight it announced plans for disposing of \$600-\$800 million worth of stockpile materials each year—about eight times the present disposal rate. But legislation will be necessary to put the plan into effect—and a lot of people who are fond of the fat cousin in may fight to prevent him from becoming too lean.

Raising the Count

The roses had faded from his chubby cheeks, and Billie Sol Estes looked like a beaten man when he appeared before a federal grand jury in El Paso last week. Estes showed up totting neatly tied bundles

of magazines and newspapers to serve as props for the plea of Attorney John Cofer, who argued that the reams of unfavorable publicity about his client made a fair hearing impossible. Unmoved, the grand jury handed down a new indictment against Estes, which raised the total number of his pending charges to 16 counts of mail fraud, twelve counts of illegally transporting securities in interstate commerce, and one count of conspiracy in faking the existence of scores of fictitious anhydrous ammonia tanks. Other developments in the Estes scandal:

► As the five-member Senate Investigations subcommittee considered calling Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, South Dakota's Karl E. Mundt and Nebraska's Carl T. Curtis, the only Republican members, issued a joint statement charging that Freeman was trying to "thwart" the hearings. Mundt and Curtis produced signed affidavits from Freeman aides declaring that a special search had been made of the correspondence between the Senators and the department going back to 1953. No such examination was made of the files on the three subcommittee Democrats. Thomas R. Hughes, Freeman's executive assistant, admitted ordering the search, but insisted that it was only to review points of the grain-storage program of particular interest to the Senators. But Mundt and Curtis hinted at darker motives: "It was most unusual and reprehensible that the two Republican members were singled out in an effort to try to find some correspondence that might be twisted or distorted to create implications not substantiated by the facts." Cried Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen: "This smacks a little of a Gestapo technique."

► A grand jury in Franklin, Texas, was discharged after five fruitless weeks of investigating the 1961 shooting of Agriculture Department Official Henry H. Marshall, who had been investigating some of Estes' manipulations. Although Marshall was shot five times by a bolt-action rifle, the grand jury said the evidence it had heard was "inconclusive to substantiate a different decision at this time or to override any decision heretofore made." That meant, improbable as it might seem, that the suicide finding by a local justice of the peace would stand.

LABOR

Plunk in the Middle

Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg and his aides struggled mightily to head off a threatened strike of three major airlines by disgruntled flight engineers. Fortified by innumerable hamburgers and countless cups of coffee, they closeted themselves by day and night in the Labor Department's Washington office, working for a union settlement with Trans World Airlines that would stand as a model for the other two airlines involved. Finally, having spent 53 of the previous 72 hours in negotiations, Goldberg emerged to announce a "historic settlement"—and to claim, by inference, a victory for the Administration's policy of plunking itself in

the middle of labor-management disputes.

But the triumph soon ran into trouble. Hardly had the TWA contract been signed when the flight engineers at Eastern Air Lines and Pan American lambasted it as "completely unacceptable" and "a complete abdication." At week's end, both groups went on strike. Pan American got a temporary restraining order from a federal judge to halt the strike. But the order did not apply to the Eastern flight engineers, who stayed on strike despite a new plea from President Kennedy.

What was more, there was considerable doubt that the TWA contract would stick. It must be ratified by the TWA chapter of the flight engineers' union, and Ronald Brown, the union president, said of the members: "They don't like it. I don't think they'll buy it."

The Third-Man Theme. The TWA agreement assured the engineers that they would get top priority for assignment as the controversial third man in the cockpit while the fourth man is being eliminated; it would oblige TWA to give pilot training to any flight engineers who seek it, including those temporarily laid off. The agreement promised the engineers' union, fearful that it will be swallowed up by the Air Line Pilots Association, that it "will not suffer an increased risk of loss of its representational rights" by adopting the agreement. But it also aimed at an ultimate merger by setting up a joint Government committee with the unions to "review the possibilities of merger of the representational functions of the two organizations."

If accepted, the agreement would indeed mark a breakthrough in a major labor-management problem: the "third-man theme" that plagues not only airlines but other industries such as the railroads, which are trying to eliminate the firemen riding in diesel cabs. Last week the nation's railroads broke off negotiations with five operating unions—for the second time—over moves to eliminate just such unnecessary jobs.

Without Help. Since labor is jealous of surrendering any jobs, the Government's intervention does not always work—and sometimes results only in a compromise that prolongs an impossible situation. Thus, neither Continental nor United Air Lines has any problem with a third man. Without Government help, they both withstood strikes from the flight engineers without yielding, have since given engineers pilot training and trimmed their flight crews from four to three.

Arthur Goldberg cannot be everywhere at once, so it was left to other federal mediators to help bring a United Auto Workers strike against the Ford Motor Co. to a more successful conclusion. Before it was settled—on undisclosed bases—the 16-day strike against Ford's Walton Hills stamping plant in Cleveland had idled 77,000 workers, forced Ford to close down all 16 of its assembly plants for lack of parts. A major issue in the strike: whether the standard production rate used for auto panels at Walton was too high for workers to meet.



AIR COMMANDOS LEAVING FLORIDA'S EGLIN AIR FORCE BASE
They want to fly and fight.

ARMED FORCES Operation Jungle Jim

It was an odd leave-taking from Florida's Eglin Air Force Base. The wives were up to date in Jamaica shorts and Capri pants—but their Air Commando husbands, togged out in green fatigues and ANZAC-style campaign hats, looked like something out of a World War II movie. Some of the men stood with their families alongside a flight ramp; others huddled near a waiting Military Air Transport Service C-118. Then, with the call of the roll, the 53 men went one by one into the big transport. It swung around, taxied to the runway, and took off for the first leg of an 11,700-mile flight to South Viet Nam—where the men of the U.S. Air Force's "Operation Jungle Jim" are carrying out a mission that seems almost anachronistic in a supersonic, missile-oriented world.

The Special Air Warfare Center at Eglin seems like a flashback to 1944, when Colonel Philip G. Cochran's (the Flip Corkin of Milton Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates* comic strip) 1st Air Commando Force flew P-52s, B-25s and C-47s across the Burma treetops in support of British General Orde Wingate's Chindits. The outfit was disbanded shortly after World War II. But today at Eglin, members of the all-volunteer 1st Air Commando Group work with ancient C-46 and C-47 transports, stub-nosed B-26 light bombers, and prop-driven, single-engine T-28 trainers. Last month at Eglin, President Kennedy laughed aloud during a spectacular, jet-packed Air Force show when a venerable Air Commando C-47 shot sharply into the sky belching smoke from JATO rocket boosters. But the Air Commandos are no laughing matter: the 1st Air Commando Group is the Air Force's newest outfit, and one of the few that are actively engaged.

Off the Ground. A major aim of the Kennedy Administration's defense policy has been to improve the U.S.'s ability to wage limited war—and, specifically, to fortify weaker allies in Southeast Asia, South America and Africa against Red-led guerrilla insurrections. To that end, the Army has souped up its crack Special Forces instruction teams (*TIME*, March 2). Early last year, Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay ordered his staff to figure out how to provide air support for anti-guerrilla operations.

Within two months, Jungle Jim was off the ground, rounding up men and airplanes. Each volunteer undergoes three separate psychological interviews, a check of his family situation to make sure he can leave for a risky mission on short notice, and a grueling 21-day survival course at Nevada's Stead Air Force Base. Each officer and airman of the Air Commandos must know how to do every job in the outfit. The aircraft are picked with equal care for reliability and ease of repair under primitive conditions. The T-28s fly slowly (top speed: 346 m.p.h.) and low enough for pilots to sight and attack elusive guerrilla targets in the jungle. The transports can land on short, rough airstrips. The B-26s haul men, rockets and bombs, and ferret out enemy hideouts with ultramodern cameras.

A Certain Incentive. The Commandos now have 795 men and 64 airplanes, about a third of them deployed in South Viet Nam and at a new Canal Zone center for training South American airmen. The force will be beefed up to more than 5,000 men by July 1963. And for men who are trained to fight, the Air Commandos offer a certain "peacetime" incentive. Says Captain Robert C. Walker, 31, who eagerly left a glamorous Cape Canaveral job as launch officer for Mace and Matador missiles: "I want to fly and fight rather than sit and push buttons."

THE WORLD

ESPIONAGE

007 v. SMERSH

Among Soviet spies and saboteurs, the most feared and hated adversary is British Secret Agent 007, alias James Bond. Even by British standards, hardboiled, hard-drinking Bond is a pukka cad who divides his time between bedding beautiful women, downing four-star meals and killing counter-bonders, all with the same cool, clinical skill. SMERSH, the official Soviet murder agency, has been trying to bury 007 for years, but the canny Briton keeps on surviving bullets, knives, bombs, sharks and poisons, notably a

Writer Ian Fleming, who has chronicled his career in ten best-selling spy thrillers (*From Russia with Love*, *Dr. No*, *Live and Let Die*). Author Fleming (TIME, April 13), a wartime Royal Navy intelligence officer and now a member of the editorial board of the London *Sunday Times*, swears that SMERSH really existed and was "the most secret department of the Soviet government." In any event, the task of liquidating Secret Agent Bond has now passed to the all too real operatives at Russia's Communist Party organ *Izvestia*.

After whetting Muscovite appetites with some spicy excerpts from *Dr. No*,



DR. NO & JAMES BOND ON SCREEN
Restoring the body politic to private enterprise.

paralyzing fluid extracted from the sexual organs of the Japanese globefish.

One Soviet agent sent to lure Bond to his doom was a voluptuous siren named Tatiana Romanova; though her "body belonged to the state," Boudoirsman Bond swiftly restored it to private enterprise. In one adventure, he did away with "the first of the great Negro criminals" who used voodoo the better to serve Marxism. On another occasion, he liquidated a sadistic Russian agent who had secretly taken over a Caribbean isle and was all ready to divert U.S. missiles launched from nearby Cape Canaveral. In one of his most brilliant coups, Bond thwarted a SMERSH fiend named Auric Goldfinger, who tried to explode an A-bomb in Fort Knox in order to seize, naturally, all the U.S. gold; Goldfinger was so deeply committed to the gold standard that he could only make love to women coated in 14-carat gold paint.

Bond's Boswell is British Mystery

which is now being filmed in Jamaica, *Izvestia* devoted a black-bordered, two-column box to a character assassination of Fleming, who is President Kennedy's favorite mystery writer. Reported the paper breathlessly: "Fleming prides himself on his knowledge of espionage and villainy. His best friend is Allen Dulles, former head of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, who even attempted (but unsuccessfully) to try methods recommended by Fleming in his books. Obviously American propagandists must be in a bad way if they have recourse to the help of an English retired spy turned mediocre writer."

Soviet officialdom has good reason to fear Fleming's "propaganda." In no time, underprivileged Russian spymasters who read Bond's adventures will be demanding their own share of oversexed fillies and undercooked filets. Their expense accounts could wreck SMERSH more effectively than 007 himself.

EUROPE

The New Nuclear Look

Before leaving for his swing around Western Europe, U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk let it be known that he did not intend to bring up the problem of the separate nuclear force that the French insist on building. As it turned out, it became the major issue of Rusk's trip. In effect, the U.S. is developing a new nuclear policy for Europe. The U.S. wants to avoid proliferation of H-bombs, and has in fact tightened up on control of its own nuclear weapons abroad. But Washington has realized that the French can at best be delayed but not stopped in their efforts to assemble their own *force de frappe*—and that the West Germans someday may want to follow suit. Henceforth the U.S. will try not to prevent that force but to absorb it into a general West European setup.

As soon as Rusk arrived in Paris, his hosts made clear that they were angered by U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's recent Michigan speech in which he denounced new, small national H-bomb projects as risky and useless. McNamara had said that "limited nuclear capabilities, operating independently, are dangerous, expensive, prone to obsolescence, and lacking in credibility as a deterrent." Asked Charles de Gaulle of Rusk: "How am I going to explain this to the French people?"

Craving Coordination. Although the U.S. is totally committed to the nuclear defense of Western Europe, the French do not consider the commitment foolproof. Should there be a limited Russian attack on Western Europe, U.S. strategy calls for NATO's conventional "shield forces" to resist, thereby providing a "pause" during which the U.S. and its Allies can decide what to do. The French claim they fear that the U.S. might then decide to save its main force for the moment when the U.S. itself is attacked.

The fear seems absurd, considering not only U.S. pledges but U.S. self-interest, but the French cling to it. They know that a small nuclear force of their own could neither prevent nor successfully retaliate against a Soviet nuclear strike; but, should the "pause" ever occur, the French could force Washington's hand by the use of even limited nuclear weapons. In other words, they could leave the U.S. no choice but to finish what the French had started.

Rusk explained that the key words in McNamara's speech were "operating independently." The U.S., he said, does not object to France's independent bomb-building; what bothers Washington is that France might use their nuclear weapons independently of NATO policy. It might be time, Rusk suggested, for France to think about coordinating its own plans for the *force de frappe* with America's nuclear planning.

Built-In Control. De Gaulle and French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville demurred politely. The question, said Couve, is not "actuelle" (current). After all, he pointed out, it will be at least 18 more months before France's nuclear force is ready for action. Couve's cool reply could hardly conceal France's glee that Rusk had made the request. For years, De Gaulle and his military men had been seeking a bigger say in Western strategic planning. Now the U.S. itself seemed to be suggesting just that.

The question remains as to just what is meant by "coordination." One scheme under discussion in Washington would give NATO its own nuclear capability, based on Britain's present modest H-bomb striking power and France's future *force de frappe*. The U.S. wants the Europeans themselves to work out the details, but strong U.S. assistance, including money, equipment, and hitherto secret information, would be forthcoming if they did.

For the U.S., the scheme has the advantages of a built-in control. NATO's commander, an American, might be given the only power to push the button; or he might require the approval of the NATO Council or of the President of the U.S. But there is considerable doubt that the French would accept this plan; basically, they argue, it would change nothing.

Genuine Partnership. One prominent supporter of the French view in the U.S. is Henry A. Kissinger, Harvard's cold-war scholar and adviser to the National Security Council and the Pentagon, who has been an advocate of active U.S. aide to De Gaulle's *force de frappe*, and of a European Atomic Force. In Kissinger's view, the only feasible "control" the U.S. should exercise over European nuclear power is that of genuine partnership—through plans, coordination, sharing of targets. But essentially the European force should be independent. Only that way, argues



WEST GERMAN NATO TROOPS WITH HONEST JOHN ROCKET
Not to be stopped, but controlled.

JAMES WHITMORE—LIFE

Kissinger, could French and other European fears be allayed. At the same time, the U.S. could exact a price from the Europeans for setting up an independent force—mainly greater contributions to Western Europe's conventional defenses, which Kissinger considers inadequate.

If any of these plans works, it could in the long run lead to the ultimate sensible solution: a European army. Under present circumstances, Washington is a long way from agreeing with Kissinger that a European force should or could be free of what he calls the "U.S. veto." The U.S. is committed to a nuclear war if and when Western Europe is attacked in a way that its conventional forces cannot handle. But the U.S. still insists on retaining a voice, if possible a decisive voice, in determining when that moment has come.

Smiles on the Rhine

After Paris, Dean Rusk flew to West Berlin and then to Bonn. The Berlin stop was a formality, a mere 2½-hour duty visit to sign the city's famed Golden Book, confer briefly with Mayor Willy Brandt, peer over the Wall. Although Rusk predicted that some day this "affront to human dignity" would come down, sensitive Berliners complained that the Rusk visit had been perfunctory.

The Old Days. There was nothing perfunctory about Rusk's mission to Bonn where crusty old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer needed some buttering up after his angry May quarrel with Washington over the negotiations with Russia. Rusk fairly smothered *der Alte* with kind words. "You never heard such flattery," said one witness at the first meeting. Over dinner in the Palais Schaumburg's chandelied *Grosse Kabinettsaal*, Rusk softened Adenauer with long reminiscences of his graduate student days in Berlin 30 years ago, of tours in the Rhineland, of the Weimar era. As the wine and champagne

flowed, Rusk rose to toast U.S.-West German friendship, then turned to the old Chancellor with the ultimate and justified compliment. Seldom in a lifetime, said Rusk, did one have the opportunity to meet such a "historic personality."

Next morning, in Adenauer's spacious office by the Rhine, the pair got down to business. *Der Alte* was anxious to present his new plan to immediately draw up a contract for Europe's political unity. Let those countries sign that wished to do so; the rest could come in later. Adenauer feared that unity might be delayed indefinitely if everyone waited on Britain's entry into the Common Market. Rusk was all for unity, but thought little of this piecemeal approach. He strongly urged that the British be brought in as soon as possible; only with Britain's membership could the U.S. implement its plans for political, economic and military cooperation with the new Europe.

Faded Crisis. Not until then did the subject get around to West Berlin. Only a few weeks ago, it would have been uppermost in everyone's mind. Things seemed a lot less pressing now that Moscow had, for the time being, taken off the heat. In Bucharest last week, Nikita Khrushchev was even saying, "The U.S. threatened us with war over Berlin, but I do not see any reason to go to war." Rusk and Adenauer probably saw this as vindication of sorts for their own policies. Rusk had always felt he could talk the crisis to death in his long negotiations with the Russians; Adenauer might argue that his own veto of possible concessions had forced Moscow to back down. It was clear that the Chancellor was still adamantly opposed to discussion of an international authority to control Berlin's access routes. Said *der Alte*, "As I have told you before, the Soviets will give you nothing on major points, and only bargain in order to get concessions on minor points."



A.G.F.P.

RUSK & COUVE DE MURVILLE
No longer a veto, but a voice.

EAST GERMANY

Walter Walled In

The old woman from West Berlin got off the train at the scarred old East Berlin railway station, carrying a heavy suitcase filled with butter and cheese, along with a great sack of cabbages and potatoes. The young nephew who met her shouted: "Why are you bringing all this food? Don't you know that we have everything we need here in the German Democratic Republic?" His sarcastic words were greeted by loud guffaws from the bystanders, including Red German police. A few months ago, it could not have happened that way; the man would have been arrested, the food confiscated. The episode

mor had to be brought to the border for the first time since the 1953 uprising in East Germany. Then Khrushchev dealt Ulbricht a severe blow by continuing his promises to sign a peace treaty with East Germany but failing to set a new deadline for the one that expired last December 31.

While he was being politically undermined by Moscow, Ulbricht plunged desperately ahead with attempts to salvage his trouble-racked seven-year plan. Accentuating East Germany's dependent status as an industrial satellite of Russia, he eliminated production of virtually all goods that are not needed for export to the Communist bloc. Ulbricht's riskiest move has been to demand more work for less pay. It was his previous boosting of

tions would touch off riots. But even though Ulbricht is re-creating almost exactly the conditions that led to revolt in Poland, Hungary and East Germany itself during the '50s, Western observers see little likelihood of full-scale rebellion. The main reason, as one refugee shrugged last week: "There are 20 Russian divisions there to say Socialism has not failed in East Germany."

UNITED NATIONS

One Hundred Red Vetoes

While the other four permanent members of the Security Council—Britain, France, Nationalist China and the U.S.—have cast a total of only seven vetoes, Russia has resorted to the veto 99 times. Among other things, the Reds blocked moves to investigate the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia in 1948, to end the Berlin blockade, to censure bloody Soviet suppression of the 1956 Hungarian revolt. Four times Russia killed resolutions concerning disarmament, and 51 times it vetoed U.N. membership for clearly qualified nations. Last week Russia cast veto No. 100, merely to curry favor with India.

The issue involved the acrid quarrel between India and Pakistan over the disputed Himalayan province of Kashmir, where a U.N. cease-fire line keeps an uneasy truce between the two countries. India has ignored U.N. resolutions calling for a self-determination plebiscite in Kashmir because it fears that the predominantly Moslem province would opt to go with Moslem Pakistan. When Ireland (with U.S. backing) introduced another mild resolution in the Security Council to bring the two countries together in negotiations, the measure was promptly killed by the Russians, with whom India is currently dicker for two squadrons of MIG-21 jet fighter planes.



PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE

EAST BERLINERS IN SUBWAY

"We will go to prison, probably, but what's the difference?"

is typical of a growing, ever more public mood of dissatisfaction in East Germany.

When Walter Ulbricht built his Wall last August, a Western survey of East Berlin opinion showed that 80% were convinced by this show of force that East Germany would be able to dictate the future of West Berlin on its own terms. Many in the West feared the same. Ten months later, the Wall has become a 25-mile symbol of Ulbricht's weakness and the most powerful rallying point for East German resistance to his regime.

Industrial Satellite. Buoyed up by its initial success last summer, the regime lost no time in making every East German sign a deeply resented series of pledges that committed him to build up the Communist state, increase production, volunteer for military, civil defense or nursing duty. The government made another psychological error in forming a "Walter Ulbricht Brigade" of volunteers, whose name and style bitterly reminded East Germans of the SS elite corps named for Adolf Hitler.

Ulbricht's overconfidence sagged in October, when U.S. tanks probed the Friedrichstrasse crossing point and Soviet ar-

work norms that triggered the 1953 uprising, and today East German workers are again threatening to strike. Says one: "We will go to prison, probably, but what's the difference? We are already in a prison."

New Sport. While the Wall succeeded in stemming the human outflow that has cost East Germany more than 2,000,000 of its citizens since 1953, it has also closed the only safety valve of East German discontent. Unable to escape except at great risk, the population can only feed on hatred and resentment. Existence behind the Wall, said a newly arrived refugee in the West last week, "is like too many people living in too small a house." Another fugitive reported East Berliners' favorite sport these days is to pick out the Communist officials they would most like to kill if trouble flares.

What East and West German governments both fear is the possibility of mass outbreaks by hundreds or even thousands of armed citizens desperate enough to blast their way through the Wall. Last week East German police had to call for reinforcements—and permission to kill if necessary—for fear that queues for ra-

LAOS

At the King's Knee

After more than a year of evasion, dispute and disagreement, the kingdom of Laos last week finally had its new coalition government.

The Cabinet ministers involved raced through the investiture ceremonies like men on roller skates. Prince Souvanna Phouma, his half-brother, Red Prince Souphanouvong, and the outgoing Premier, Prince Boum Oum, drove to the royal palace in Vientiane. Brought before recluse King Savang Vatthana, all three princes—including the Communist, Souphanouvong—bowed low, reverently touched the King's knee, and formally announced their success in creating a government.

Next, Souvanna presented his 19-man Cabinet to the King, and then took them across the muddy street to Vientiane's principal pagoda, Sisaket Wat, for the swearing-in ceremony. Sitting crosslegged on carpets before a huge gilded Buddha, the new Cabinet prayed while saffron-robed monks intoned the oath of office. Of Vientiane's estimated 60,000 people, only an apathetic 400 gathered to watch.

SHARKS, BUREAUCRATS & DARK HORSES

The Leading Contenders to Succeed a Tired Khrushchev

ARRIVING for an inspection trip in Bucharest last week, Nikita Khrushchev seemed weary, listless, and troubled by the heat. Briefly, Khrushchev recovered his remarkable vigor, then sagged again as an aide read one speech and Khrushchev canceled another address entirely. Clearly, at 68, the top man in the Kremlin is beginning to lose his bounce. He is overweight (5 ft. 5 in., almost 200 lbs.), has high blood pressure and a heart condition. According to one rumor, he is receiving injections of water and procaine (better known by the trade name Novocain), a dubious treatment devised by a Rumanian woman doctor to retard the aging process. He has limited his party-going, restricted his diet, cut out hard liquor. Nowadays, says Khrushchev, wagging a finger at First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, 66, "he is the drinker, while I am the talker."

All this makes the question of who will succeed the Soviet boss increasingly interesting and urgent. If past history is any guide, the struggle will be stained by betrayal and shrouded in mystery. No one can predict the victor—but there are signs and portents. Among the leading contenders:

FROL KOZLOV, 53, beamed a few years ago when Khrushchev told visiting Averell Harriman in Kozlov's presence that the handsome, iron-grey-haired Communist Party Secretary was his choice to follow him. Kozlov, trained as a metallurgical engineer, is an efficient, tough administrator who delivered the key speech on new party regulations at last October's Moscow party congress. He has apparently recovered from a heart attack he suffered last year. Kozlov occupies a strategic position in the party secretariat from which Stalin and Khrushchev made their power plays, and, like them, he has placed his supporters in key posts. But apart from his health, two circumstances weaken Kozlov's chances: the mere fact of being once designated by Khrushchev as heir apparent tends to unify his rivals (Lenin preferred Trotsky and Stalin handpicked Malenkov); Kozlov rose to eminence in the Leningrad party apparatus, historically distrusted by the other powerful Russian and Ukrainian Communist factions.

LEONID BREZHNEV, 55, a relative newcomer to high rank, has risen quickly under Khrushchev's sponsorship. Westerners first heard of him in 1950 as a provincial party official in Khrushchev's Ukraine; a decade later he became President of the Soviet Union, the job he now holds. In the past, the post has been largely ceremonial, although its character could well change with the man. Brezhnev is a dynamic speaker and agile politician. In the first months following Khrushchev's death, he and Kozlov might well govern as a duumvirate, sharing state and party control, until the dictatorship again forms its natural pyramid and there is room for only one at the top.

DMITRY POLYANSKY, 44, the youngest member of the Communist Party Presidium, was born in a Ukrainian peasant hut on the day of the Bolshevik Revolution (Nov. 7, 1917), attended the Central Committee Communist Party school, and became its star graduate when in 1958 he replaced Kozlov as premier of the Russian Soviet Republic, largest

and richest of the 15 Soviet republics. Polyansky is loudly extraverted, urbanely intelligent, shrewdly aggressive—a combination of attributes matched only by Khrushchev himself. If Khrushchev should fall ill or die soon, Polyansky's youth would probably be a handicap, but if the succession struggle were to last for some time, he could well make the grade. Says one Washington official: "He is a shark, the type who would make his move only when Kozlov or somebody like him starts to founder. No matter what happens, Polyansky will come out near the top."

NIKOLAI PODGORNYY, 59, another Ukrainian, 4½ years ago ousted an early Khrushchev favorite, hard-boiled Fellow Ukrainian Aleksei Kirichenko, as party boss in Khrushchev's former fiefdom. Early last year Khrushchev delivered a scorching assault against Podgornyy for having blamed bad weather for poor corn yields ("The crop was pilfered, stolen, and yet you say weather prevented growing a good harvest?"). But by the time of the next harvest, Podgornyy could report better news. With a smile, he told Khrushchev at the October congress that the Ukraine had doubled its sale of grain to the state, and had "honorably passed its examination." So had Podgornyy. In April he was named to the government Presidium.

ALEKSEI KOSYGIN, 58, was only 13 when the Bolsheviks seized power, and is one of the best examples of the new breed of Soviet technocrat who relies less on Communist dogma than on practical results. A wartime premier of the Russian Soviet Republic, Kosygin entered the inner Kremlin circle under Stalin, lost the dictator's favor in 1948 and remained relatively unimportant until 1959, when Khrushchev turned Kosygin's experience as an economic planner to use as the head of the State Planning Commission. During a tour of France two years ago, Khrushchev openly referred to his traveling companion as "my successor." Soon afterwards Kosygin was named a First Deputy Premier. His predecessor in the slot: Nikita's other heir apparent, Frol Kozlov.

Such a deliberate division of favor is what helps Khrushchev maintain his grip on the Kremlin—and helps prevent a peaceful transition of power in the Soviet dictatorship. In that future contest, some other figures must be reckoned with: Senior Theoretician Mikhail Suslov, 59, who may be too old for the top job, but whose long party career may make him a kingmaker, if not a king; Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, 63, beefy, belligerent Soviet Defense Minister, who controls the army; Aleksandr Shelepin, 43, ex-boss of the relatively sanitized secret police. Dark horses include Andrei Kirilenko, 55, a member of the Party Presidium, who surprisingly bounced back from disfavor; Gennadi Voronov, 50, who was recently promoted to full membership in the Party Presidium with overall responsibilities in the make-or-break job of raising agricultural production. Apart from these men, any unknown bureaucrat may come out on top, and for reasons the West will never know. Khrushchev himself was merely one of ten members of the Party Presidium when Stalin died.



KOZLOV



BREZHNEV



POLYANSKY



PODGORNYY



KOSYGIN

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Family Tradition

Even civilian families no longer find it strange in "peacetime" to have their sons dispatched to the world's remote corners; for service families, the deep U.S. commitment in Southeast Asia is merely the renewal of a tradition. The sixth U.S. fighting man to die in the jungle war since last December, when U.S. "advisers" began to accompany Vietnamese forces into battle, was 1st Lieut. William F. Train III, 24, West Pointer ('58) and son of Major General William Train, commandant of the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. Lieut. Train was one of eight sons of U.S. generals now fighting in South Viet Nam.* The others:

► Colonel Frank B. Clay, 41, senior adviser to the Vietnamese 7th Division, who was slightly wounded last month when Viet Cong bullets ripped through the canopy of his helicopter. Father: General (ret.) Lucius D. Clay, World War II commander and lately President Kennedy's special adviser on Berlin.

► Colonel Robert Brewer, 43, an operations, training and planning officer. Father: Major General (ret.) Carlos Brewer, who taught military science at Purdue University.

► Major David Bolté, 36, who serves on the headquarters staff of General Paul Harkins, U.S. commander in South Viet Nam. Father: General (ret.) Charles Bolté, commander of the U.S. 34th Infantry Division in its sweep through Northern Italy during World War II (two uncles are generals, too).

► Major George S. Patton, 38, also on Harkins' staff. Father: the late George S. ("Blood and Guts") Patton.

► Major Archibald Arnold Jr., 39, who helps train Vietnamese Civil Guard self-defense units. Father: Major General (ret.) Archibald V. Arnold, formerly chief of planning and training of the Army Field Forces.

► Major Philip Harper, 37, adviser to

a Vietnamese Ranger battalion. Father: Brigadier General (ret.) Neal Harper, formerly deputy chief of the Army Dental Corps.

► Captain Craig Spence, 29, artillery officer to a Vietnamese Ranger camp. Father: Brigadier General (ret.) William Spence, a World War II artillery officer in the Philippines.

In the Jungle of Love

Pro-Western Thailand, whose territory is guarded by U.S. troops, and neutral Cambodia, whose territory is scarcely guarded at all, are both neighbors of embattled Laos and South Viet Nam. But in this part of the world, the god Siva can still seem more important than the ghost of Karl Marx, and what goes on in the Red guerrilla-infested rain forests less urgent than the news from the Jungle of Love.

What is important about the Jungle of Love, a craggy mountain region on the ill-defined Thai-Cambodian border, is that it houses an 800-year-old Hindu temple. Called Phra Viharn by Thais and Preah Vihear by Cambodians, it lies in ruins at the end of a long, rutted road deep in the jungle. Because past treaties involving the area are vague, the two countries have long and passionately disputed ownership (although both are predominantly Buddhist). Finally, in 1959, Cambodia asked the International Court of Justice in The Hague to render a judgment.

Path to the Shrine. Since then, a million words of argument have been presented by distinguished lawyers, including former U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, hired by the Cambodians, Britain's onetime Attorney General, Sir Frank Soskice, and Belgium's Henri Rolin, in the service of the Thais. Cambodia's case: a path leads from Cambodia directly to the shrine of Siva, the god to which the temple was dedicated; in 1930 and 1953, Cambodian officials went to the temple on pilgrimage picnics, establishing a sovereignty of sorts. Furthermore, an old French colonial map puts the temple in Cambodian territory.

The map is wrong, Thailand replied hotly, pointing out that the temple would



PREAH VIHEAR TEMPLE
More important than Marx's ghost.

never even have been found but for the explorations of Thai Prince Sanphasit in 1899. What is more, argued the Thais, the temple faces north; Cambodians have to use the back door, whereas Thai pilgrims use the stairs that rise to the front entrance.

Feeling rose between the two countries, aggravated by the fact that Thailand is always accusing Cambodia of providing jungle bases for Communist guerrillas. Last fall the two nations severed diplomatic relations after Thailand's Soldier Premier Sarit Thanarit likened Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk to a pig. In a speech, Sihanouk retorted that though he might look like a pig, Sarit was a fatter pig. If soup were made of the two leaders, sneered Sihanouk, the soup made from Sarit would taste better.

Buddhist Bliss. Undismayed, the Hague judges plowed through the transcript for 2½ months after formal arguments ended, finally found (by 9 to 3) for Cambodia. When Prince Sihanouk heard the good news, he announced that he would shave his head and maintain a thanksgiving vigil for seven days and nights. But Thailand's Marshal Sarit summoned his military commanders, ordered reinforcements to the area of the temple, which at the moment is under Thai control. Thailand even ordered its diplomats to boycott the meetings of SEATO.

Then everything suddenly dissolved in Buddhist bliss. Sarit announced to a Cabinet meeting that a battle with Cambodia would be "fulfilling an objective of the Communists," and so Thailand will go along with the Hague court decision. This, he declared, was essential "to maintain our fine reputation in international affairs." After the Cabinet meeting, he told reporters: "We speak with tears. Many ministers wept."

In any case, Thailand has plenty of temples left. There are 30,000, one for every 866 Thais.

* In this year's graduating class of 601 at West Point, 123 cadets were the sons of past or present members of the armed forces.



COLONEL CLAY



MAJOR PATTON

As ready as their fathers.



LIEUT. TRAIN

THE PHILIPPINES

Progress Despite Needles

After six months in office as President of the Philippines, Diosdado Macapagal, 51, has created a double image of himself. At home he is the man-of-the-people who is vigorously reforming his country. Internationally he plays the man-of-the-world who is showing increasing independence from the U.S.

The first image has endured since last November's election campaign against the corrupt Carlos Garcia regime, when Macapagal ran as a *tao* (common man) who would never forget his humble beginnings. The second was created when the U.S. Congress unexpectedly voted down the long-promised Filipino war claims of \$73 million, and Macapagal swiftly canceled a scheduled official visit to Washington (TIME, May 25). Since then, talking about Laos, Macapagal has needed the U.S. for failing to back the anti-Communists of Southeast Asia and for throwing its support to "neutrals." It seems, cracked Macapagal, that the U.S. is more deferential to "its enemies than to its friends."

U.S. Ambassador William Stevenson, formerly president of Ohio's Oberlin College, described U.S.-Filipino differences as a "lovers' quarrel." It is a little more than that. Macapagal is successfully trying to shake off the Garcia campaign charges that he is an American lackey, at the same time is telling the U.S. that the Philippines must not be taken for granted. He is also seeking, says a U.S. observer, to give his own people a greater sense of "national dignity and identity, rather than hostility or xenophobia."

Cocky Gambits. Continuing his nationalist spree, before leaving on a trip to Spain and Pakistan, Macapagal last week took on still another Western power by claiming Philippine sovereignty over the 29,387 square miles of British North

Borneo.² More significant than these cocky gambits is the fact that Macapagal seems determined to base them on democracy and free enterprise at home. He understands the challenge, for the *tao*, with whom Macapagal identifies, are desperately poor, unlike the top 10% of the Filipinos who receive nearly half the nation's personal income. An estimated 5,000,000 peasants have a per capita income of only \$27 a year, which means malnutrition and rags. Unemployment and underemployment run to 20%.

Macapagal fights against this reality by personal example. Gone are the lavish presidential entertainments of the Garcia era, including the weekly poker game at which the boss handed out political favors to his cronies. While ex-President Garcia relaxes in obscure luxury at his Quezon City mansion, his successor has thrown open the presidential palace, with its private zoo, to the public; the state dining room has been largely unused. Macapagal has published a complete financial statement of what he owns (total assets: \$34,485), has issued an unprecedented decree that neither his own nor his wife's relatives may participate in any government deals.

His administration presses court cases against officials who acquire "unexplained wealth." More important, Macapagal has raised the salaries of government workers and the armed forces. With his usual public-relations gift, he drives a Chevrolet and issues palace breakfast invitations to honest taxi drivers who return lost wallets.

Protracted Woo. All these efforts to destroy the prevailing Filipino attitude of *bahala na* (easygoing fatalism) depend largely on U.S. help. As an incentive to foreign investors, Macapagal has made the peso convertible, with good results—the first four months of this year show a \$23 million surplus in balance of payments compared with a \$27 million deficit for the same period last year. He is hoping to set up a private, U.S.-Philippine development bank. But he is often hamstrung by a Congress still dominated by Garcia's Nacionalista Party, whose members cannot be turned out until the next elections, when Macapagal's new double image may well win him a majority.

Despite his recent needling of the U.S., Macapagal last week sent Vice President Emmanuel Pelaez to the U.S., aboard the first jet flight of Philippine Air Lines from Manila to San Francisco. After protracted State Department wooing, Pelaez agreed to fly on to Washington for informal White House talk. Pelaez may well echo what Macapagal himself said last week:

² Ownership of Borneo, the world's third largest island, is also shared by Indonesia and the British dependencies of Brunei and Sarawak. North Borneo once belonged to the Filipino Sultan of Sulu, who let it go in 1875 for an income of some \$1,500 a year. The Philippine government maintains that the Sultan was merely leasing his Borneo lands; the British indignantly reply that the territory was sold in perpetuity.



MACAPAGAL & STEVENSON
More than a lovers' quarrel.

"The Philippines' role in Asia is to demonstrate that democracy works. It will be the most eloquent proof and justification of our following the U.S. The success of Philippine democracy is a demonstration of the American idea of freedom."

ALGERIA

Rearguard Action for Terror

Peace returned to Algiers last week. Curfew was moved from 8:30 p.m. to midnight. Some 250,000 Moslems who, in terror of their lives, had stayed home from work for the past two months, now trooped back to their jobs. Buses were running and mailmen made their rounds. Garbage, which had accumulated in fetid piles for weeks, was again collected. Europeans sat at newly opened bars and cafés, sipping anisette and eying the passing Moslems. There was little fraternization, but at least the streets did not resound to S.A.O. bombs and gunfire.

Little Summits. The relaxation was achieved through nervous and protracted secret meetings between members of the Secret Army and the Moslem F.L.N. The connecting link in the little "summit" held in suburban villas and city apartments was liberal Europeans such as Marcel Baujard, mayor of Blida, and Jacques Chevallier, once mayor of Algiers.

The chief negotiators had more trouble with extremists in their own organizations than with each other. Chief spokesman for the S.A.O. was blond Jean-Jacques Susini, 28, former student leader and a longtime fascist ideologue. In one argument with another S.A.O. leader, ex-Colonel Yves Godard, who insisted on a diarch policy, Susini pulled out a pistol and threatened to kill him, and then ordered Godard out of Algeria.

On the F.L.N. side, the spokesman was Dr. Chawki Mostefai, 42, the general del-



gate of the F.L.N. to the Algerian Provisional Executive, which will superintend the July 1 referendum on the country's independence. Dr. Mostefai also found himself continually sandbagged by more relentless Moslem colleagues. When the accord was published, promising 1) amnesty for S.A.O. killers, and 2) enlistment of Europeans in the *Force Locale*, the new Algerian police, there was vigorous dissent from F.L.N. headquarters in Tunis. Vice Premier Mohammed ben Bella was against any deal with the S.A.O. Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda—engaged in a private power struggle with Ben Bella—railed against the amnesty provision.

Reason Reasserted. Announced Sini over the air: "The Secret Army has ceased fighting." But diehards in the provincial cities refused to accept the inevitable, even though, in a letter from his prison cell, the captured leader of the S.A.O., ex-General Raoul Salan, backed the truce. The fanatical S.A.O. leadership in Oran swore to continue the struggle. S.A.O. mortar shells landed on oil tanks near Oran. In Bône, the city hall was put to the torch by S.A.O. fanatics. The exodus of Europeans continued at the rate of 10,000 a day.

The fact remained that with last week's Algiers truce, reason was at last reasserting itself, and terror was fighting a rearguard action.

AFRICA

Another Congo?

"First of all," said Adlai Stevenson not long ago, when asked about the United Nations' latest African problem, "I find very few people who even know where Ruanda-Urundi is or what it is."

Well, to begin with, Ruanda-Urundi is actually two countries, which the natives call Rwanda and Burundi. Once a part of German East Africa, they were mandated to Belgium after World War I and administered as a single trust territory. Slightly larger than Maine, they lie along the slopes of the Mountains of the Moon

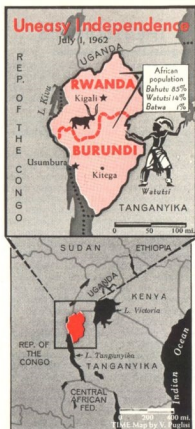
between Tanganyika, Uganda and the Congo. For 40 years, Belgium tampered little with the feudal tribal structure of either territory and ruled through the giant-sized Watutsi tribe (average height: 6 ft. 6 in.).

Although the Watutsi comprised only 14% of the population of 5,000,000, they kept the Bahutu majority and the Batwa Pygmies in a state of virtual serfdom. Cattle feudalism was the basis of the system. The hapless Bahutu were forbidden to own or kill cattle; they could get beef only when cattle died of natural causes. Each Watutsi's wealth, prestige, and political position were measured by the size of his herd, and every cow was regarded as his sister in his family.

Edsel & Friend. Two years ago, Belgium decided to set the territory free, and drew up a timetable for independence. Belgium hoped that the two territories would tie together in a single economic and political entity, but the hope was futile. Burundi's Watutsi ruler, Mwami (King) Mwambutsa IV, had made such a concentrated effort to dilute the caste system that in free elections the Bahutu majority overwhelmingly voted for a separate constitutional monarchy under his leadership. Genuinely popular with both the Watutsi and the Bahutu, Mwambutsa is an accomplished amateur magician who nightly performs his feats of prestidigitation as he toots around the hot spots of his capital city, Usumbura, in a white Edsel convertible, accompanied by his equally white Belgian girlfriend.

In Rwanda, meanwhile, Belgium successfully threw its support behind the long suppressed Bahutu, who immediately rose up in bloody revolt against their Watutsi overlords. Although for centuries they had practiced a sort of subfeudal oppression, the Watutsi were openly backed by Russia, in and out of U.N., simply because they were vehemently anti-Belgian. But Bahutu numbers told. The Bahutu burned scores of Watutsi villages to the ground, cut scores of willow Watutsi warriors literally down to size by slicing their legs off at the knees. Rwanda's Mwami Kigeri V fled into exile along with 142,000 supporters, and the Bahutu set up a republican parliamentary Belgian-backed government.

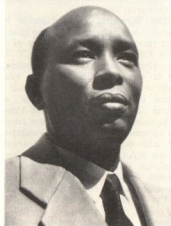
Cockroach Invasion. Last week, with the approach of final independence for the Kingdom of Burundi and the Republic of Rwanda, the U.N. Trusteeship Committee was fiercely debating the future of two non-nations, both spectacularly unready to stand on their own feet. On July 1 the last remaining Belgian forces (900 paratroopers) hope to begin a phased withdrawal. But, still shaken by the specter of the Congo disaster, even such normally ardent "anti-colonialist" powers as India and Ghana have wondered if the new countries' independence should not be delayed. Economically both territories are destitute; natural resources are few and per capita income is approximately \$40 per year. There are no railroads in either country, and Rwanda has only a half-mile of paved road. Nearly 75% of



the population is illiterate; Burundi has only one African doctor and one trained lawyer—who is now a political exile. Government has sputtered to a virtual halt as thousands of Belgian civil servants have fled with the memory of the Congo's pillage and rape still fresh.

Riven by the dispute between the Bahutu and the Watutsi, Rwanda lives under the constant threat of massacre. From neighboring countries, the Bahutu exiles have organized guerrilla raiding parties called the *inyenzi* ("cockroaches," so named because they work at night), whose avowed purpose is to reinstate Rwanda and restore the Watutsi monarchy after the Belgians leave. Paradoxically, any U.N. decision to postpone Rwanda's independence because of this fear of violence would only worsen the situation, as the Bahutu would blame the Watutsi and step up their campaign of vengeance.

At the U.N., Russia gleefully ignored all such problems, insisted that any delay would simply be due to vile Belgian machinations. As for the Belgians, Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak pleaded that his country has no desire whatever to stay on, but argued that it is a joint responsibility of Belgium and the U.N. to provide for law and order after independence and to draw up a plan of administrative and economic aid. Spaak clearly wanted to avoid having Belgium held solely responsible for possible disorder and bloodshed, as it was after its hasty withdrawal from the Congo.



KING MWAMBUTSA IV

Toward chaos in a white convertible.

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GREAT BRITAIN

Requiem for Rosa's

Though the signs outside identified it as a hotel, the Cavendish was no place for the unsuspecting tourist. Most strangers who ventured into the dim, cluttered lobby at 8 1/2 Jermyn Street were sternly told to try elsewhere. Others, if they were lucky enough to remind the proprietress of some long-vanished Victorian buck or Bostonian pooh-bah, would be clasped to her shapely bosom and regaled with surrealistic reminiscences about old Lord Droopy Drawers and Lady You-Know-*'Oo*, or "the time we went to Ireland on roller skates."

Rosa Lewis, the cockney genie who conjured up the Cavendish and presided for half a century over its revels, liked to think it was "not an 'otel but an 'ome away from 'ome for my friends." To addicts, "Rosa's" was not so much home as a Mad Hatter's champagne party. They called Rosa the Duchess of Jermyn Street, and rated her and the Cavendish itself as two of the three most rewarding landmarks in London (with the Tower, which has not taken many boarders since the 18th century). The mid-Mayfair hotel remained for decades one of the last places in all England where, as Evelyn Waugh wrote of it in *Vile Bodies*, "one can still draw up, cool and uncontaminated, great, healing draughts of Edwardian certainty."

Gewgaws & Cherrybums. Last week, ten years after Rosa's death, the Cavendish was meeting the ignominious end that has overtaken many of London's best-loved structures in the postwar building boom. In September it will be torn down to make way for a gleaming new (and conventional) hotel. Through the plain, brick-pointed door opposite famed Fortnum & Mason, movers wrestled a seemingly inexhaustible argosy of odd treasures.

Over the years, the 100-room Cavendish had become Mayfair's best-stocked curiosity shop. It was crammed with mauve and red plush sofas, chairs, beds and chests, mostly of vast age and hideousness, and almost all associated with the ancient indiscretions of the illustrious that flowed from Rosa's memory like champagne from "cherrybums," as she called the Jeroboams that were consumed by the case. Her walls, lined with signed pictures, were a *'Oo W'as 'Oo* of her times.

King Edward VII refused to dine at friends' houses unless Rosa was there to cook the bland, boiled food that, in her words, "would not spill down 'is shirt front." Edward was an ardent patron of the hotel, which had a private entrance around the corner for merry monarchs and squires on the spree; as Prince of Wales he reputedly bankrolled his blonde, blue-eyed friend when she bought the Cavendish in 1902. "One king leads to another," she used to say. Soon the Kaiser



CAVENDISH'S ROSA LEWIS (1919)
One king led to another.

became one of her best customers, and grew so fond of her cuisine that he presented her with a portrait of himself that in World War I was ostentatiously hung behind the toilet in the men's room.

Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill often stayed there with "Copper Top," as Rosa called young Winston. Other cherished guests were Lord Northcliffe, General Kitchener and the Duke of Windsor, upper bohemians such as Ellen Terry, G. B. Shaw, Isadora Duncan, Artists John Singer Sargent and Augustus John (who both painted Rosa), and "all the American aristocrats."

Try the Ritz. Between the wars, the Cavendish became the favorite haunt of London's gilded youth. Rosa smiled benignly on their amours, and could always provide a trusted young guardsman or undergraduate with a compliant partner. "All luxuries are overused," she said, "but sexual immorality is sometimes the least dangerous." She was also famed as hotel-dom's Robin Hood, from her habit of loading penurious guests' bills onto the richest resident, who for years was a meek, abstemious millionaire she called Froggy.

The hotel, run since the Duchess's death by her old and Rosaceous friend, Edith Jeffrey, never fully recovered from World War II, when a German bomb wrecked the front of the four-story building. Rosa, who refused to take shelter, was pulled out of the wreckage, but her precious stocks of champagne were gravely depleted. "Don't ever die," the Duchess of Jermyn Street told a friend when she recovered. "I've just been right up to the gates of heaven and 'ell, and they're both bloody." The fabled food and demented dialogue were never the same after Rosa finally made it through the gates at the age of 85, going on 90. But little else changed. Not long ago, Successor Jeffrey coldly advised an American tourist to try "a nice little place round the corner called the Ritz." When he had left, she confided: "He is a Mr. Tennessee Williams, and I understand he has written a rather nasty play."

How to Go out of Business by Succeeding

IN the village square of Anthili, 140 miles north of Athens, on the vast plain where the Persian King Xerxes camped in 480 B.C. before he charged Thermopylae, there stands a marble statue. It is not a monument to the defenders of Thermopylae, but to the recent rebirth of Anthili and the man who made it possible: Walter Eugene Packard, a Point Four soil reclamation expert from California.

Thirteen years ago, Packard persuaded the villagers to let him irrigate 100 acres of their arid, salty plain to grow rice. Within five years, Packard's project in Anthili and other towns had converted Greece from a country that annually imported \$5,000,000 worth of rice to a nation that exported \$5,000,000 worth—on an initial U.S. investment of \$43,000. Other Point Four schemes trained a Greek agricultural staff to teach 8,000 villages such basic matters as tractor maintenance and cheese making, instructed technicians to operate a new electrical power system, reorganized an archaic police force along modern lines.

So successful were these and other projects that this week, after giving Athens \$14 million under the Point Four plan, the U.S. ended its technical assistance program. At the same time, Point Four aid to Spain, Yugoslavia, Lebanon and Israel also wound up. These countries will still be eligible

for financial support, but Washington believes that yesterday's underdeveloped nations have learned the skills they need while the new nations of Africa and Asia now require Point Four help far more urgently.

On the basis of a relatively small U.S. investment—\$65 million in Point Four aid, out of a total of \$5.2 billion in overall economic aid—the benefits to the five recipients have been huge. In some ways, the Point Four program in Israel was the most successful (although the country had the unusual advantages of large private help from the U.S. and skilled immigrants from Europe). Best-remembered achievement: a pistol-packing cowpuncher from Texas, Bart McMenomey, was one of several U.S. experts who helped raise cattle production from 4,500 head in 1954 to 70,000 today. McMenomey so impressed Israeli cowboys that they learned to play the banjo, labeled the huts on their kibbutzim (collective farms) in Galilee "Saloon," "Sheriff" and "Jail."

Said Israeli Foreign Minister Golda Meir at a farewell party in Jerusalem for departing U.S. technicians last week: "This is the age of the cold war. It is also the age of the warm heart. No other country has taken upon itself greater responsibility for so many people in real and sincere brotherhood as has the U.S."

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Indecisive Election

In a red smoking jacket and a blue mood, Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, 66, watched the national election returns as they flashed on the TV screen in his private railway car in Prince Albert, Sask. After eight weeks of flameless campaigning, his private estimate was that his Conservative Party would win 140 seats—not as many as the record 203 seats he held going into the election, but enough to give him a bare majority in the 265-seat House of Commons. He wound up with only 118 seats, and as a minority government would have to accept outside support to survive. "On the basis of national returns," he told the party faithful, "I simply say this: we are still the government of Canada."

Said Liberal Leader Lester Pearson: "It is clear that the Tory government has been decisively rejected." But even though Diefenbaker had lost 85 seats, the election message was by no means that clear. The Liberals had had strong hopes of winning, but only succeeded in climbing from 51 seats to 97.

They swept the big cities, particularly Montreal and traditionally Conservative Toronto, but the prairies held fast for Diefenbaker, the small-town prairie lawyer, whose \$425 million grain deal with Red China has helped the farmers prosper. Mike Pearson, the Nobel prize-winning diplomat, had proved to be an attractive Liberal candidate, but an insufficiently forceful one. The laborite New Democrats grabbed another 19 seats.

The party that came out of an inconclusive election holding the balance of power was one that gave most Canadians cause for anxiety and alarm. It was the Depression-born, woolly-minded, funny-money party that calls itself Social Credit, and it won 30 crucial votes that would be cast to keep the Conservatives in power, but could later be withheld at the appropriate time to bring Diefenbaker down. Its triumph was the victory of a shouting, arm-waving French Canadian auto dealer named R  al Caouette, 44, who overnight became a national figure. *Le Tonnerre*, he is called in rural Quebec—the Thunderer.

\$100 for Everyone. Until last week, Social Credit was a local Western phenomenon (the premiers of Alberta and British Columbia are Socreds). Yet Social Crediters won only four seats in the West. The movement's real strength now lies in French-speaking Quebec, where R  al Caouette's spellbinding appeal was worth an astonishing 26 of the province's 75 seats.

"The only way to restore the economy," he preached, "is to put more money into the hands of the consumers." The way to handle unemployment is to give every citizen \$100. "That would have moved the goods off the shelves, set the factories moving again, and made a lot more new



DUNCAN CAMERON—CAPITAL PRESS

DIEFENBAKER

"We are still the government."

jobs. What's the cost to the people? Just the cost of printing the money."

Nothing to Lose. Caouette has been preaching this message throughout Quebec since 1942, but really began to be effective when he started buying himself 15 minutes of TV time over a rural Quebec station every Sunday. To finance himself he sold shares in his Chrysler agency in Rouyn, 320 miles from Montreal. He followed up by crisscrossing the province, camping out in his car.

Caouette took full advantage of a growing wave of French Canadian separatist sentiment and disillusionment with the Liberal and Conservative parties, both dominated by English-speaking Canada. "You don't have to understand Social Credit to vote for it," he told those who failed to fathom the complexities of Social Credit.

Social Credit's nominal national leader is Robert Thompson, a onetime Alberta chiropractor, but after the election Caouette made it plain that the party would now need a French accent. "Bob is the leader and I am the co-leader," he said. "When Bob becomes Prime Minister, I will become co-Prime Minister."

Caouette was already doing most of the



CANADA WIRE

CAOINETTE
But just borely.

talking: "I see where the Conservatives say that Parliament will meet in mid-September. That's fine with us. We're in no hurry. I don't see any need for an election for some time, probably not for a year at least."

Caouette's timetable may prove to be realistic. On the downslope, Diefenbaker's Conservatives clearly will try to hold out as long as possible. Pearson's Liberals are talking as if they would like to force a fall election, but few political observers at the moment share their conviction that the results would be much different. Canada, a nation still in economic difficulty despite its recent devaluation of the dollar to 92½¢, seems destined to limp along as best it can with a government lacking a parliamentary majority.

CUBA

Tanks in the Streets

For the first time since Fidel Castro took power 3½ years ago, discontent became mass civic defiance. In the port city of C  rdenas (pop. 53,000), lying 73 miles east of Havana, crowds surged through the streets shouting, "We are hungry! Down with Communism!" Castro's reaction was to send Russian T-34 tanks rumbling threateningly through C  rdenas' rebellious streets.

The revolt started one morning a fortnight ago, when restless crowds began calling for food and denouncing Castro. Before long, thousands of people jammed seven blocks of the business district. When a loudspeaker truck appeared, urging all to go home, promising that food would soon be abundant, the mob overturned the truck, forced the driver to yell, "Down with Communism!" The riot was not quelled until crack troops arrived and occupied the town after sporadic shooting. The toll of wounded or dead is not known; an estimated 400 demonstrators were jailed.

In the past, Castro has been content to denounce the opposition at mass rallies. But now, apparently realizing that words are not enough, he decided on a show of military force, and chose C  rdenas as the place.

Into C  rdenas came Russian-made T-34 tanks, mortars, four-barreled ZPU-4 Czech anti-aircraft guns. Troops in Soviet-style helmets marched grimly past. Overhead thundered three Russian-made MIG jet fighters. Television carried the show to every town in Cuba—along with a warning from the reviewing stand by President Osvaldo Dorticos (Castro did not attend). Denouncing "the wretched counter-revolutionary provocation that took place here," Dorticos spoke in a double negative, but the assembled peasants got the idea. If they "do not allow counter-revolutionary parasites to get away with one single act of provocation," said Dorticos, "we will not have to use those tanks or machine guns on them."

APRIL 21, 1962...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE



The calendar reads April 21, 1962. But to the thousands of ogling, opening-day sightseers, it could easily be the 21st century. This is Seattle's Fair, a dazzling compendium of man's best forecast of what the future will be like. Here, sprawled over 72 acres dominated by the 608-foot Space Needle that challenges the majesty of distant Mt. Rainier, forty-eight governments and countless industries are displaying the atomic-electronic-supersonic world of 2000 A.D.

Strangely, even in this science-fiction city, risk is present. In exhibit after exhibit, the science pavilions, the priceless works of art, the minia-

ture railroad, the delightful displays of bizarre wares from faraway markets, even to the Space Needle itself, Royal-Globe is there, providing the coverage and careful attention which it accords every insured.

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TIME, JUNE 29, 1962

PEOPLE

Heir to the Duke tobacco dynasty, **Walker P. ("Skipper") Inman Jr.**, 10, is already one of the world's richest little boys—and potentially one of the wealthiest men of the late 20th century. An orphan since the age of six, Skipper, who lives with his uncle on a 2,000-acre farm in Brunson, S.C., will get \$30 million from his father's estate when he reaches 21. Now, following the death of his grandmother Nanaline Holt Inman Duke, he will get another \$35 million. All but passed over in the latest parceling was Skipper's Aunt Doris Duke—Nanaline's daughter—already worth an estimated \$70 million, who was merely bequeathed some of her mother's jewelry.

"I was doing an altar of St Thérèse de Lisieux, my favorite saint, and I needed a model for the angel in one of the panels.



ST. THÉRÈSE & ANGEL JACK
Sent by God?

Jack, with his curly hair and his youthful serenity of expression, was literally God-sent." So said Sculptress Irena Wiley of **John F. Kennedy**, who at the time in 1939 was spending a week or so of his summer vacation from Harvard visiting the sculptress and her diplomat husband in Europe. Carving the wooden altarpiece for a Belgian church, Mrs. Wiley portrayed the future U.S. President as a guardian angel hovering over the kneeling nun. By the time she had finished, Belgium was overrun by the Nazis, and the work was sent for safekeeping to the Vatican, which passed it on to one of the city's more than 400 churches.

His autobiography, *Victory Over Myself*, was completed, and World Heavyweight Champion **Floyd Patterson**, 27, felt a sudden urge to revisit the locale of one of his early chapters. Dragging along a passel of pals, the dusky boxer hustled them aboard a rush-hour "A" train to a subway station beneath Brooklyn's High Street station. Floyd scooted up a ladder

to the dark cranny where 17 years ago, as a shy and unhappy ragamuffin, he spent his hours as a chronic hooky player from school. "Just like I remember it," said Floyd. "Crazy, man," said a trainer. Someone else had found Floyd's hideaway. Rummaging around, he found a pilfered wallet left behind by a pickpocket. Clambering down from the unlit alcove, the champ brushed off the soot and sighed, "Now I can get it off my mind."

Two years ago, an 8-lb. dumbbell used to prop a window screen slipped from a maid's frantic grasp and plummeted eight floors from the Ritz Tower Hotel to hit and fatally injure a vacationing Detroit financier walking up Manhattan's 57th Street toward Park Avenue with his wife. Ending a \$500,000 suit against the apartment's owners, TV Star **Arlene Francis** and her husband, Producer Martin Gabel, the widow of Alvin Rodecker settled for \$175,000 from the Gabels and \$10,000 from the Ritz Tower, both insured for such public liability.

A quartet of mountain climbers stumbled hungry and tattered into a Nepalese village after surviving the blizzards and bitter cold of the Himalayas for 50 days with only 20 days' rations. Led by Tufts University Philosophy Professor **Woodrow Wilson Sayre**, 43, grandson of the late U.S. President, the amateur foursome—including a geology student, a Boston attorney, a Swiss schoolteacher—had cocksurely attempted to climb the unscaled 25,910-ft. Gyaichung Kang peak without either oxygen or Sherpa guides.

Cresting at 250,000 ft. over Nevada, the sleek black rocket-plane once again broke the world's altitude record, a habit the experts think the X-15 will continue until it doubles that height. The teminute ride to the fringes of space won Air Force Major **Bob White**, 38, the double distinction of becoming the world's highest and fastest (4,093 m.p.h.) winged aircraft pilot. Upon landing on Rogers Dry Lake, Calif., White was debriefed with a frosty martini mixed by the flight surgeon—another X-15 project habit.

Ill lay filmdom's Little Caesar **Edward G. Robinson**, 68, stricken by a heart attack on location for *Sammy Going South*, 6,000 ft. high in the foothills of Tanganyika's Mount Kilimanjaro. Grizzly with chin whiskers sprouted for his role as a diamond smuggler with a heart of gold, Robinson roared from his Nairobi hospital bed: "I've never held up a production in my life. I'll be back on the set tomorrow." Doctors ordered three weeks' rest.

The contract came to \$50,000 a year, but in yen it added up to \$1.7 million—and that was too rich for Japan's Diet. With regrets and thanks for past services, Japanese parliamentarians canceled **Thomas E. Dewey's** contract as a legal consultant to JETRO (Japan External

Trade Agency). Hired in August 1959, the two-time Republican presidential candidate, who now practices law in New York, helped the Japanese land a \$3.8 million contract to supply ship-towing locomotives to the Panama Canal Co., worked hard to counter efforts to restrict imports of cheap transistors to U.S. markets. But after a 1960 Japanese trade fair in Moscow fizzled and wound up \$314,000 in the red, the Diet lost some of its enthusiasm for JETRO, decided to cut costs by taking Dewey off the payroll.

At teatime, the black family limousine rolled up to the White House portal, and a tanned **Mamie Eisenhower**, in a mottled print dress, alighted for her first homecoming in a year and a day. "Hello, Bruce," said the former First Lady to the doorman. She hailed a covey of capital newspaperwomen, then shook hands with her hostess Jackie, ashimmer in a green shanting sheath. After a peek at the re-



MAMIE & JACKIE
Pleased with the changes?

furnished Red Room, Mamie sat down in the Oval Room over raspberry tarts and tea with seven other senior leaguers working on a \$30 million drive for the National Culture Center, hopefully to bring more performing arts to the nation's capital.

Appropriately attired in grey, **Dave Beck**, 68, looked downcast as he surrendered to U.S. marshals in Seattle for the start of two concurrent five-year federal prison terms for tax fraud. But there was still a touch of the old bravado in the onetime boss of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. As he boarded an 84-ft. launch near Tacoma that took him four miles across Puget Sound to McNeil Island Penitentiary, he called: "Remember MacArthur, boys! I'll be back." When the turnip yearster does return, he will face 15 more years for embezzlement of his union's funds.

Before going off for a fortnight's pre-campaign rest at his Canadian cottage, **George Romney**, 54, drew a firm line

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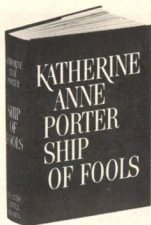
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THE AUTHOR
Katherine Anne Porter is no ordinary writer. She has long been recognized the world over as one of America's most important modern

authors, ranking with such Nobel laureates as Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. What is unique is the fact that her great critical reputation has grown from such a small body of writing. Her stories and short novels have included such masterpieces as *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*; *Flowering Judas*; and *The Leaning Tower*. The beauty and polished perfection of these few books have become the model for a whole generation of American writers.



THE BOOK

For twenty years the literary world has been waiting with mounting suspense for Katherine Anne Porter's first full-length novel, *SHIP OF FOOLS*. Now her book is holding hundreds of thousands of readers spellbound. Sex, violence, loneliness, hate are all woven into the story of a unique transatlantic voyage. She tells of people so real the reader feels himself rubbing shoulders with them on deck, stumbling

over them making love in the shadows — and wondering what he would do or say if he were invited to join the captain's table or buy a ticket for the preposterous party that turns the last night of the voyage into a rout. As W. G. Rogers writes of *SHIP OF FOOLS*, "The sizzling white-hot pitch at which this story is written never drops; there is never a second's let-up in the gripping intensity."

Best Seller List									
The position based on copies of books sold during the week ending May 15, 1962. The number of copies sold during the week ending May 15, 1962, is shown in parentheses. The number of copies sold during the week ending May 15, 1962, is shown in parentheses. The number of copies sold during the week ending May 15, 1962, is shown in parentheses.									
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THE RECORD

The publication of *SHIP OF FOOLS* is being acclaimed on the front pages of every one of America's leading book reviews. ● Mark Schorer in the N. Y. Times Book Review compares this novel to the best novels of the past hundred years. ● Within two weeks after its first appearance on the N. Y. Times best-seller list, *SHIP OF FOOLS* was the nation's #1 best seller, a record unrivalled by any other novel in nearly a decade. ● The-Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen *SHIP OF FOOLS* for its members. ● Shortly after publication Hollywood announced that after tense bidding, the film rights have been purchased by producer Stanley Kramer for a major motion picture production. ● In England, France, Italy, Germany and Sweden translations of *SHIP OF FOOLS* are being readied for the press. ● Is it any wonder that in America *SHIP OF FOOLS* has shot to the top of the best-seller list?



THE ACCLAIM

Every corner of the United States is ringing with praise

for *SHIP OF FOOLS*. These comments, chosen from hundreds, are typical: "Not a dull page; not a word you want to skip. The reading of it is sheer delight." — *Philadelphia Bulletin*. "A vivid, beautifully written story bathed in intelligence and humor." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "A major novel, seething with all too recognizable life." — *Newsweek*. "It throbs with life on every page . . . A dazzling performance." — *San Francisco Chronicle*. "A literary event of the highest magnitude." — *Washington Post*. "An absorbing novel . . . bursting with a wealth of beautifully realized and diverse characters, brilliantly analyzed." — *Dallas Morning News*. "I say and I think I shall go on saying, My God, here is a book." — *Dorothy Parker in Esquire*. "Awaited for an entire literary generation . . . now suddenly, superbly here." — *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

AND YOU

If you are already reading *SHIP OF FOOLS* you know why it has won such overwhelming praise and why it has overnight become the most widely read, eagerly discussed novel in the land. If you are not reading it, now is the time to begin. *SHIP OF FOOLS* is a long novel, a rich novel, a big novel in every sense. It offers a unique and rewarding reading experience. It is a novel you will want to own, for it is destined to take its place as one of the great books of our time. At all bookstores, \$6.50



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against stumping on Sunday during Michigan's coming gubernatorial race. The teetotaling Mormon, who recently resigned as American Motors boss, will reserve Sundays for "church and family." Democrats do not expect their incumbent Governor, John Swainson, to be quite that saintly, have scheduled a full list of Sunday appearances at church socials, firemen's outings and ward picnics.

In Manhattan, the Rockefeller-founded Museum of Primitive Art announced for

September showing a vast collection of more than 200 artifacts (20-ft. totemlike "bisj" poles, 40-ft.-long "spirit" canoes, intricately carved wooden crocodiles), depicting every aspect of the ritual life of Dutch New Guinea's seafaring Asmat tribe. It was the last work of the museum's youngest trustee, Michael Rockefeller, 23, anthropologist son of New York's Governor, who was lost seven months ago when his frail catamaran swamped in the shark-teeming Arafura Sea off New Guinea.

MILESTONES

Married. Ensign Franklin Delano Roosevelt III, 23, F.D.R.'s grandson, who was christened in the White House in 1939; and Grace Rumsey Goodyear, 21, Smith College sophomore; in Darien, Conn.

Married. Jaime Ortiz Patiño, 33, heir to a Bolivian tin fortune; and Nada Takla, 21, a Levantine beauty he met while in Lebanon last summer for a bridge tournament; he for the second time (his first: Manhattan Playgirl Joanne Connelley Sweeney, who died in 1957 while divorce suits were pending); in Geneva.

Married. Virginia ("Ginny") Simms, 43, radio and cinema singer of another day; and her real estate partner, Don Eastwood, 45, formerly attorney general of Washington State and the famed "man with the book" at the 1952 Republican convention; she for the third time, he for the second; in Palm Springs.

Married. Jane Froman, 44, throaty songstress (*With a Song in My Heart*) who made a gallant comeback from near-death in a 1943 plane crash; and Rowland Smith, 55, newspaperman in Columbia, Mo.; for the third time, he for the second; in Columbia, Mo.

Married. René Bouché, 56, Manhattan portraitist, *Vogue* illustrator, *TIME* cover painter (Jean Kerr, John F. Kennedy, Sophia Loren); and Anne Denise Alicia Lawson-Johnston, 34, a former editor of *Vogue*; he for the second time, she for the first; in London.

Divorced. Philip H. Wilkie, 42, banker-lawyer son of Wendell; by Rosalie Heffelfinger Wilkie, 38, who testified that he abandoned her in Tokyo last year while on a world tour; after eleven years of marriage, three sons; in New Castle, Ind.

Died. Reese Hale Taylor, 61, strapping, energetic president of Union Oil Co., one of the big independents, which he directed for 23 years of bounding growth (from \$78.1 million to \$447.4 million annual volume), tireless man about California, where he was vice president of the Hollywood Bowl Association, former president of Santa Anita race track, a tennis promoter, university and hospital trustee; of acute pancreatitis; in Los Angeles.

Died. Francis Higbee Case, 65, wispy, upright Republican U.S. Senator from South Dakota since 1951 (after 14 years in the House), known for his 1946 House labor bill demanding tighter controls on union bargaining, which though vetoed by President Truman, was the precursor of the 1947 Taft-Hartley Act; of a heart attack; in Bethesda, Md. A conscientious lawmaker whose major interests were water conservation and development of the Missouri River basin, Case rocked the Senate by rising during a 1956 debate on a natural gas bill to make a speech implying that gas producers had attempted to buy his vote, leading President Eisenhower to veto the bill and the Senate to investigate "campaign contributions" from gas lobbyists.

Died. Frank Borzage, 67, pioneer movie director, winner of Hollywood's first Academy Award for *Seventh Heaven* in 1927, and again in 1931 for *Bad Girl*; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

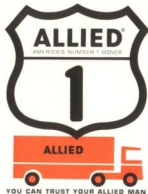
Died. Somdej Pra Ariyawongsakhatanya (means Nobly descended and accomplished in intelligence), 74, Supreme Patriarch of Thailand, spiritual leader of 25 million Thai Buddhists, who in 1961 became the first Patriarch to visit the U.S.; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Bangkok.

Died. Mario Crespi, 82, multimillionaire co-owner (with his two surviving brothers, Aldo and Vittorio) of Milan's staid daily *Corriere della Sera*, Italy's biggest (circ. 450,000), most influential paper, a landowner, industrialist and art collector; after a long illness; in Milan.

Died. Alta Rockefeller Prentice, 91, last surviving of John D. Rockefeller's five children, and Governor Nelson Rockefeller's aunt, who, in the family tradition of philanthropy, shared her wealth with settlement houses, hospitals and museums; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Mwamikazi Bujana Elisabeth Mwakamarangu, venerable regent of some 250,000 Neweshe Bashi tribesmen of the Congo's Kivu province; after a long illness; in Ngweshe, Kivu. Her age, according to her great-grandson, King Pierre Ndatabaya, "certainly more than 100, probably around 130."

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MOVIES ABROAD

Prodigal Revived

When he stood, everyone stood. When he sat, cross-legged like a giant Buddha on the floor, all eyes in the luxurious Paris apartment turned toward him. Through the whole long evening, he laughed, talked, puffed on a cigar, listened to the gypsy singers, and downed endless jiggers of vodka. At 3 in the morning, when two or three couples started for the door, he belatedly: "You're not leaving already, my friends. The night is young. Play, gypsies; play, play, play!" The guests stayed, the gypsies played. Once again, and at long last, Orson Welles was front and center.

Welles was basking in the afterglow and acclaim that attended the completion of the Welles-directed, Welles-scripted version of Kafka's *The Trial*, the story of a man victimized by the impersonal hostility of a bureaucratic world he never made. Viewers of the early rushes, including Directors Anatole Litvak and Jules Dassin, say they witnessed the birth of a classic. Twenty-one years after his *Citizen Kane* won him the title of boy genius and doomed him to a lifetime of trying to hold on to it, Orson Welles seemed to be making a comeback.

Waddling Exile. In between *Kane* and Kafka, Welles took two wives (Rita Hayworth and Incumbent Paula Mori), gained a couple of hundred pounds, and directed seven pictures. His wildly impressionistic *Othello*, and *Macbeth* in Scottish burr, were called moody masterpieces in Europe, but failed miserably in the U.S. Aside from brief bits of acting (most memorably in *The Third Man* and *Compulsion*), Welles did little more than perpetuate his public caricature. Smoking sequoia-sized cigars, he waddled like an exiled giant through Europe, looking gloomily for a future and nostalgically at the past.

Interviewed by Paris' *Cahiers du Cinéma*, he talked of giving up the stage and



K's OFFICE IN "THE TRIAL"

Two wives, some pounds and seven pictures later, he emerged.

SHOW BUSINESS

screen forever, "since in a way they've already abandoned me. I've worked too hard for what I've been given in return. I can't spend my life in restaurants and festivals begging funds." He scraped along on occasional television appearances, started (but never finished) four films that he financed himself. Then Producers Michel and Alexander Salkind (a father and son team; Michel produced Greta Garbo's first film outside Sweden, the team an occasional epic in recent years) offered him a walk-on in *Taras Bulba*. Though he needed the money, Welles indignantly refused, trumpeting, "Are you crazy? I am *Taras Bulba*." But Welles seized the opportunity to tell the Salkinds of his long-cherished dream of making a movie of *The Trial*. "Sure we were scared," says Alexander Salkind. "Before we agreed to do it, we set out to find the money, and you can imagine, with Welles' reputation, what that was like. But all our fears have been dissipated."

Baroque Grotesque. For an estimated \$1,300,000, the Salkinds gathered an international cast: France's Jeanne Moreau, Germany's Romy Schneider, Greece's Katerina Paxinou, Italy's Elsa Martinelli, the U.S.'s Anthony Perkins. They left the rest to Welles.

Welles spent six months on the script, paring it down to what he considered a workable approximation of the novel. Then he scoured Europe for possible locations, settled on Yugoslavia for its "natural sets, which couldn't be 'placed' by most cinema audiences, the faces in crowds with a Kafka look to them, and the hideous blockhouse, soul-destroying buildings, which are somehow typical of modern Iron Curtain architecture." In a mammoth exposition hall just outside Zagreb, Welles set up the 850 office desks, 850 secretaries and 850 clattering typewriters among which Kafka's hero, K, lived out his doom. Moving to Paris for later scenes, Welles picked the old, abandoned Gare d'Orsay (built for the Exposition of 1900, and now destined for demolition), whose baroque grotesqueries might well have been designed by Kafka; into its

ruined corridors and dank corners Welles moved his props: the Advocate's gigantic gilt bed, hundreds of dripping candles, decaying tables and books. Wrote Director William Chappell in the London Sunday Times: "Welles discovered Kafka's world, with the genuine texture of pity and terror on its damp and scabrous walls, real claustrophobia in its mournful rooms, and intricacies of shape and perspective on a scale that would have taken months and cost fortunes to build."

No man to yield a role to another actor if he can do it himself, Welles cast himself as the Advocate. But to the Salkinds' pleased astonishment, there were no shocks, no delays, no budget excesses.

In the afterglow of success, Welles briskly reverted to the arrogant ways of old, brushed off reporters, and put on a show of a man of many concerns. He was flying to Rome for two weeks to shoot *The Trial*'s execution scene (nothing in France suited him), then was moving his family to Malaga for the summer. There he will also shoot the prologue and epilogue of his movie, *Don Quixote* ("I didn't have enough money to finish it before, but now I think I can swing it"), commuting to Paris to cut and edit *The Trial*, which is due for September release. At 47, the Boy Wonder was a boy again.

TELEVISION

The Fourth Network

In most imaginations, the term educational television instantly produces a picture of a threadbare professor with terminal logorrhea, droning on and on and on. But educational TV has long since set higher standards than that, and no one is less interested in the dull professor than the people who are shaping the future of educational TV in the U.S.

There are 64 educational stations in the country. Many of them have had massive help from the Ford Foundation, which has spent an estimated \$80 million in support of educational programs and facilities. This spring the Federal Government has finally begun to take action. Last month a bill



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was signed providing \$32 million to be used for new ETV broadcasting facilities, and last week the Senate passed the all-channel receivers bill (TIME, Feb. 2), which requires manufacturers to equip new TV sets to receive not only the twelve channels in the very high frequencies but also 70 additional channels in the ultra-high frequencies.

This—long a favorite dream of FCC Chairman Newton Minow—should eventually relax the stranglehold of big-time commercial television, making room for dozens of new stations, most of them non-commercial. "If we don't expand television," says Minow, "soon we will have unnecessarily few people deciding what larger and larger numbers of people will be seeing. Without UHF we wouldn't get educational stations into more than a fraction of the communities that want and need them."

Deep & Lingered. Nearly all the educational stations now operating in the U.S. are affiliates of the Manhattan-based National Educational Television and Radio Center. The center produces shows and acts as a distributor for all the better work that is done in the field. During this past season, in fact, N.E.T. sent out some of the best programs that were seen on television of any kind.

Characteristically excellent were a couple of documentaries produced and directed by an Englishman named Denis Mitchell. In one, he took a deep, lingering look at a small town in Kentucky, neither interpreting nor judging, using no narration at all, but merely assembling a collection of vignettes—a pig being killed by rifle, a woman cooking on a wood stove, an old Negro in a Frank Lloyd Wright hat—that were enough to make any viewer feel that he had lived in that town for 35 years. The only voices belonged to the townspeople—talking about the practice of country law, about their debt to God,

or about the colored people: "I like a nigger—if he *knows* he's a nigger. I like my mule, but when he forgets he's a mule, I don't like him any more." The South's race trouble emerged in its true perspective, as a vital but not all-consuming fact of Southern life.

Mitchell's other documentary was equally superb. He went into the homes of two men in Chicago—one a salesman, the other an artist who had lost an arm in the Spanish Civil War—and let them tell the stories of their lives. It was natural, intimate, replete with insight—the kind of thing that television is uniquely equipped to do but which is seldom attempted and almost never so artfully achieved. At the end, viewers might have thought that they had just finished reading two brilliant novels.

No Outlet. Work like Denis Mitchell's is the general aim of ETV producers, and not the exception, as it is on ABC, NBC and CBS. Not classroom television, N.E.T. programs range all over the spectrum of interest from the natural sciences to drama and jazz. And none of the 64 stations broadcasts a single commercial.

Educational TV does not always deserve an A-plus. There are still plenty of dull didactic hours on all its stations, and N.E.T. supplies only ten hours of new programming a week, partly acquired from the BBC and other foreign producers but generally produced by the network itself and its affiliates. Mainly, local stations have to fill their time independently, and much of it is devoted to yawning forums and tediously detailed state histories (Nicholas Nobody slept here). But some local programs are excellent, and these are picked up by N.E.T. for distribution to the whole network.

In its short history, educational TV has demonstrated how much can be done on relatively low budgets. Most local stations cost only about \$250,000 a year to run. The center itself operates on an annual budget of \$4,500,000, and most of its shows cost \$7,000 to \$25,000 to produce. It charges its affiliated stations only a modest fee annually for its services.

Big-name stars and variety shows are obviously beyond educational TV's reach, and will remain the exclusive province of the commercial networks. But last week the Fourth Network, as it likes to call itself, was offering everything from Ibsen's *The Master Builder* to a documentary on Japan: *The Changing Years*.

THE STAGE New Fortress

All Joseph Papp wants to do is produce Shakespearean plays in Manhattan's Central Park and let people watch them for nothing. Such an ambition would seem to be about as controversial as sunshine, but Papp is forever warring against enormous odds, standing his ground in a swirl of controversy. The first big odd was former Parks Commissioner Robert Moses, who insisted that Shakespearean audiences were eroding the city's soil. But Moses departed, Papp hung on, and last week Papp proudly presided over the dedication



PAPP'S NEW SHAKESPEARE THEATER
Odds overcome.

of a \$400,000 amphitheater in the middle of Central Park on a site provided by the city and largely financed by city funds.

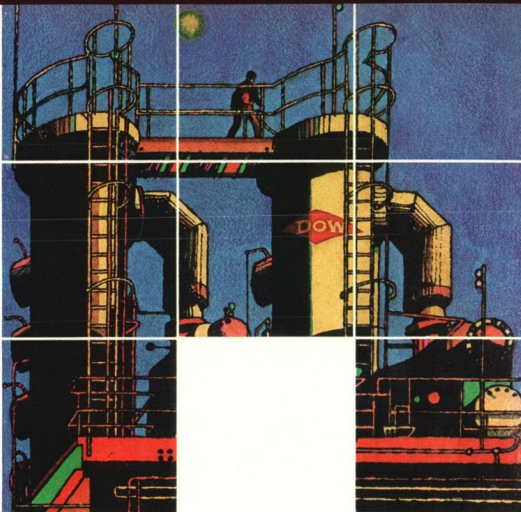
But simultaneously, Papp found himself in another cauldron. As the new theater's dedicatory play, he had picked *The Merchant of Venice*—and the New York Board of Rabbis loudly protested. In the part of Shylock, said the rabbis, Shakespeare had perpetrated "a distortion and defamation of our people and our faith." Through WCBS-TV, the entire city would have a chance to see the performance, and that was what bothered the rabbis most. "The television audience will be a mass audience," they argued. "It will include impressionable young people and teenagers, and many of its adults would not pass muster on the score of intellectual maturity." Rabbis across the city took up the theme. At one temple, for example, Rabbi Louis I. Newman denounced *Merchant* as "a drama which has been demonstrated beyond peradventure of a doubt as a breeding center for those destructive forces which eventuated in the disasters of the 1930s and 1940s."

Joseph Papp, raised an Orthodox Jew, went ahead with his performance and his TV commitments. Unhappily, despite the rapsodically effective performance of George C. Scott as Shylock and a smoothly urbane Portia by Nan Martin, the production was not up to the usual Papp standard. But 200 critics and 100,000 rabbis could not shake Joe Papp out of his fortress now. His new amphitheater is handsomely set in a rocky grotto at the edge of a lake, and equipped with a mobile stage that can swiftly and silently be changed to suggest anything from a closeted interior to "another part of the forest." It is above all solidly and massively there. New Yorkers will be watching free, and often exceptional, productions of Shakespeare for quite a while—if not until the last syllable of recorded time.



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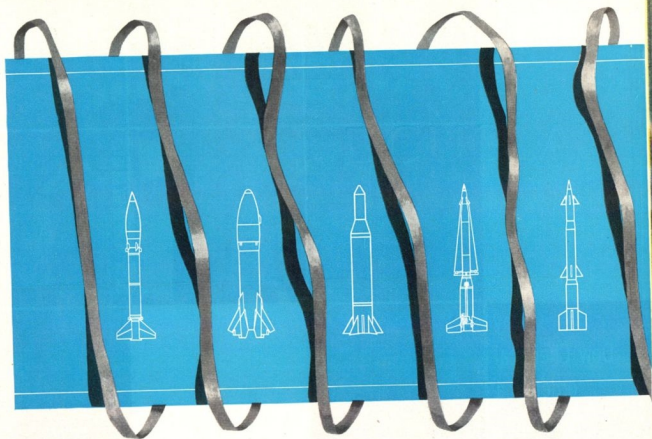
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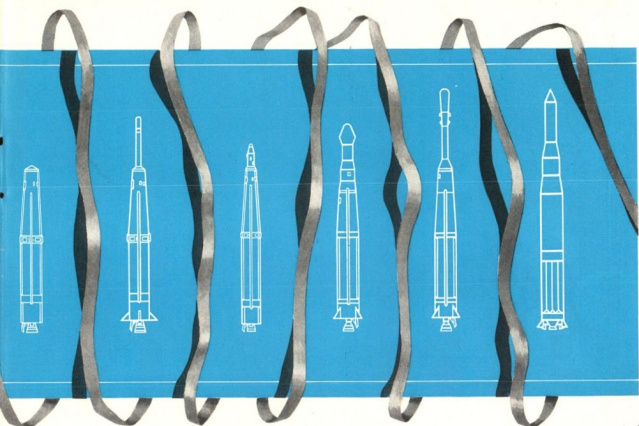
A remarkable machine that takes its orders from more than 20 miles of magnetic tape is speeding production and saving taxpayers money at the Douglas Missile and Space Systems Division.

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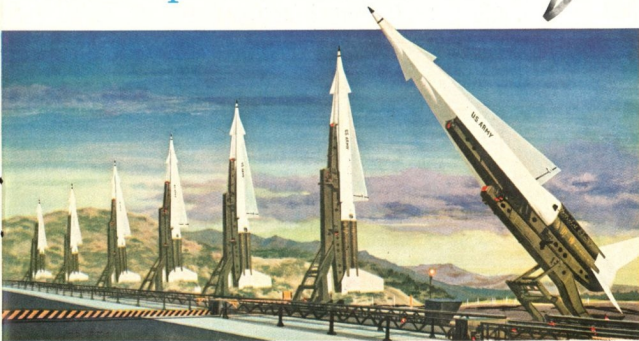
But ingenious production techniques are surpassed at Douglas by thoughtful research into areas far beyond man's present knowledge. Only by exploring the new dimensions of defense and space can Douglas scientists and engineers help maintain America's leadership in the world.

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A smiling man with dark hair, wearing a blue button-down shirt and a watch, holds two six-packs of Budweiser beer. The background is a solid orange color. The man is looking directly at the camera with a friendly expression. The beer cans are white with red and blue labels, featuring the Budweiser logo and crest. The six-packs are shown from a slightly angled perspective, highlighting the front and side labels. The text 'SIX 12 OZ. CANS' is visible on the bottom of each pack.

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Failure Aloft

The U.S. failed last week in its second attempt to explode a nuclear test at high altitude over Johnston Island in the Pacific. Official reason for the flop: "a malfunction in the system." Since nuclear devices almost always explode as planned, the malfunction was probably in the Thor rocket on which the bomb was riding. Until other scapegoats are available, critics can blame 1) the haste with which rocket-launching equipment was thrown together on remote Johnston Island; 2) failure to use reliable solid-fuel rockets (Polaris or Minuteman) instead of the obsolescent Thor, which burns notoriously troublesome liquid oxygen.

Resourceful Machine

At the Bell Telephone Laboratories' experimental Electronic Central Office in Morris, Ill., the exchange is automatic, of course. But for all the functions the exchange performs without human attention, Bell is aware that all its components can hardly work right all the time. To avoid employing human troubleshooters, Engineer Sih Hsui Tsiang has trained the machine to spot its own breakdowns and tell humans how to fix them.

When one of the 6,500 transistors or 45,500 diodes in the machine's control unit fails, a duplicate component takes over instantly. A few thousandths of a second later, the machine has diagnosed its own ailment and an electric typewriter starts clacking out a coded description. A maintenance man—one humble surviving human in a world of strong-minded machines—looks up the code in a 1,200-page dictionary written by a computer. There the maintenance man finds instructions telling him which part needs to be replaced. He need not ask what the part does or how it went wrong. He merely pulls it out and puts in a replacement.

To ward off delay if a more vital component should fail—something that cannot be so easily replaced—Bell engineers have built into the system many alternative ways for the central to restart itself after a few millionths of a second of hesitation. While testing these precautions recently, they made a disquieting discovery: the loyal and resourceful machine was using an emergency procedure that had not been programmed into it by human brains. Poking into the mazes of wires with their clumsy human hands, the engineers found one wire that had been connected accidentally to a terminal that led nowhere. Says Director Ray Ketchledge of the Electronic Switching Laboratory: "This should have caused the system to stop, but it didn't. It combined several programs into one of its own and avoided using the open wire." Ketchledge thinks the central's "motivation" to keep running is an indirect result of human instructions. The other possibility: the machine has developed an independent personality of its own.

Recovery at White Sands

When spacecraft are fired from Cape Canaveral, recovery of the segment that returns to earth often becomes a full-dress Navy spectacular. Destroyers, carriers, airplanes and helicopters scout hundreds of miles of ocean to pull an encapsulated astronaut out of the drink or save a set of valuable instruments. But such shows are so costly that they are attempted only when the cargo that comes back from space is especially important. Most of the Cape's missiles and satellites deliver

for fear the missile will turn on the planes. When aircraft can be used, they loiter as close as they dare. Sometimes they drop a flare to mark the impact. Sometimes the helicopters land and pick up small items, but fallen missiles are dangerous. Each carries a "destruct" charge to blow it to bits in case it heads for a place where it can do damage. Colonel Thum's recovery men are experts in the nasty business of disconnecting these charges without touching them off.

Shark Oil & Chutes. As missiles become more sophisticated, smaller pieces become more important to find; the White Sands recovery force is always alert for bright ideas that will help them find



MISSILE SNIFFER IN TRAINING
To find what telemetry might miss.

all their information by radio and are abandoned when they hit.

At White Sands Missile Range, N. Mex., where swarms of smaller missiles are tested over solid land, recovery teams are kept consistently busy. Nearly every fragment of returning missiles is searched for and found. The wreckage dug out of alkali flats or mesquite thickets often tells more about a flight than any amount of telemetry could radio back to base. For this reason White Sands testing is preferred for correcting tough cases of missile misbehavior.

Dangerous Quarry. The White Sands recovery force, headed by Lieut. Colonel Otto F. Thum, has 250 men and 150 widely assorted vehicles, including Jeeps, 10-ton wreckers, bulldozers, power shovels and 35 airplanes and helicopters. All are needed; the range is as big as Connecticut, and although some parts are bare desert, others are precipitous mountains and dense, hummocky tangles of thorny scrub. Finding small missiles—or fragments of small missiles—in this hairy country is a job for resourceful men.

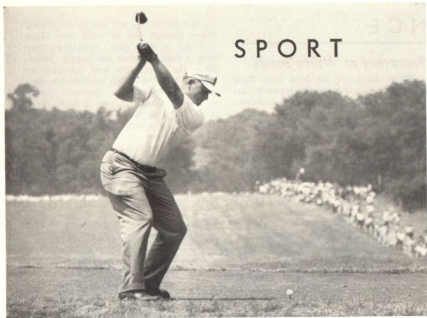
Colonel Thum gets each firing schedule in advance and deploys his forces accordingly. If a missile to be tested has heat-seeking guidance, he cannot use aircraft

their quarry. One promising trick is to station seven or eight men with powerful telescopic theodolites on the edges of the impact area. They note the direction of the dust cloud raised by missile impact; then computation gives an accurate fix.

Instrument packages from high-flying rockets are sometimes dropped by parachute, and to keep them from drifting out of reach, Sandia Corp. is developing a homing parachute controlled by a small radio. When the radio locates the proper impact area, air is automatically spilled from the proper segment of the parachute to make it slant toward a convenient landing.

But oldtime, nontechnical methods are not neglected either. Missile-sniffing dogs are getting intensive training. A pair named Dingo and Count are being schooled to locate small missile fragments coated with paint mixed with squalene, a noisome extract of shark-liver oil. The dogs have already learned to ignore coyote and rabbit scents, and they can whiff a shark-flavored fragment half a mile downwind. Vernon Miller, chief of the range instrumentation division, thinks that the dog detectives will be over the research hump and busy at serious work within six months.

SPORT



JOHN DOMINIO—LIFE

NICKLAUS DRIVING AT OAKMONT
He plays a bold, intimidating game.

The Prodigious Prodigy

(See Cover)

He shambled across the 18th green like a young grizzly bear, his pudgy face ruddy from the sun, his white cotton shirt soggy with sweat, his cream-colored cap perched precariously on the back of his close-cropped blond head. Tournament officials clustered anxiously on the apron while grey-uniformed state troopers strained to hold back the surging gallery; on all sides, TV cameras zeroed in to carry the scene to 9,000,000 home viewers across the nation. But Jack Nicklaus might have been alone on a practice green for all the emotion he displayed. Intently, impassively, he hunched over his 2-ft. putt. Daintily, deliberately, he stroked the ball toward the hole. When it plunked safely into the cup, he permitted himself a change of expression—a boyish grin and tip of his cap to the crowd. With that putt, at 22 and in his first year as a professional golfer, burly Jack Nicklaus had won the biggest golf tournament of them all: the U.S. Open.

The youngest U.S. champion in 39 years, Nicklaus has not yet finished college (he has two quarters to go at Ohio State), but he won last week's Open with a rare blend of mature skill and courage, withstanding pressures fierce enough to unnerv the most seasoned competitor. In a tense, head-to-head play-off before a hostile gallery, Nicklaus beat the world's best-known golfer, Arnold Palmer, grimly refusing to yield to a classic Palmer surge, and winning finally by the comfortable margin of three strokes, 71 to 74. To get into the play-off, Nicklaus had to defeat 148 top-ranked pros and amateurs, including Defending Open Champion Gene Littler. To beat them, he put together rounds of 72, 70, 72, 69 for a 72-hole total of 283 that tied the competitive course rec-

ord* at Pennsylvania's Oakmont Country Club, one of the country's most exacting golf courses. When it was all over and he had beaten Palmer as well, Jack Nicklaus had stamped himself the No. 1 challenger for Palmer's uneasy crown—a confident, talented prodigy whose bold, intimidating game and precocious poise should keep him at the top for many years.

Make a Million. The record books are full of young flashes who blaze briefly and then fade into the pack of good but not great professional golfers. Nicklaus seems to be made of sterner stuff. Twice National Amateur champion (in 1959 and 1961), Nicklaus was, until his decision to turn pro last November, the most talked-about amateur since Bobby Jones. He played in his first U.S. Open as a fuzzy-cheeked 17-year-old. In 1960, at 20, he finished second by two strokes to Palmer, and his 72-hole score of 282 was the lowest ever shot by an amateur in the Open. That same year, in the World Amateur Team championship at Pennsylvania's Merion Golf Club, Nicklaus put together consecutive rounds of 66, 67, 68, 68 for a brilliant 269—a full 18 strokes lower than Ben Hogan's score at Merion when he won the 1950 Open. In amateur match play, he was almost unbeatable: in one season, he won 29 of the 30 matches he played. "People expected me to win," he says, "and I expected to win. If I didn't, I felt like a bum."

In his first professional tournament, the Los Angeles Open, he was a co-favorite with Palmer and Gary Player. Nicklaus tied for 50th and took home a purse of \$33,333. Not until last week did he manage his first tournament victory. But he has

finished in the money in all 18 tournaments he has entered, ranks third in money winnings behind Palmer and Littler, and with the 1962 pro tour only half over, he has already earned almost twice as much money (\$43,198) as any other rookie in history. Bonuses, royalties and endorsements resulting from last week's U.S. Open victory could swell Nicklaus' income by \$250,000—making him, at 22, one of the world's highest-paid athletes. Unless the prospect bores him, Jack can reasonably expect to have made a million by the time he is 25.

Everybody's Business. Today's pro golfer is part showman, part TV personality, part salesman, a walking Chamber of Commerce for the fastest-growing sport in the U.S. Baseball and football may still be the great spectator sports, but athletes of all ages can—and do—play golf. This year, according to the National Golf Foundation, 6,000,000 Americans will take club in hand to play more than 90 million rounds of golf on 6,718 U.S. golf courses, most of them public courses or semi-private clubs that charge a daily fee. The rich man's game of yesterday is now everybody's \$1 billion-a-year business, selling 8,000,000 golf clubs, 69 million golf balls, 700,000 golf bags and anything else, from wooden tees (10¢ a package) to electric golf carts (about \$600), that a golf-mad U.S. public could possibly want.

When the pros play, so many people want to see how it is done that officials are talking of limiting the galleries to keep them in hand. More than 72,000 fans showed up for last week's Open—25,000 more than the old Open record. And with the swelling crowds comes big money. Ten years ago, Julius Boros took home \$4,000 for winning the Open; last week Nicklaus won \$15,000, plus an "unofficial" bonus of \$2,500 for the play-off.



APPLYING ENGLISH TO A PUTT
He has precocious poise.

* Set by Ben Hogan in the 1953 U.S. Open. In the three Opens that had been played at Oakmont before this year, only two golfers—Hogan and Sam Snead—had ever broken 290.

Such is the excitement generated by big-money pro tournaments that publicity-minded business firms are getting into the act. Next September, at Akron's Firestone Country Club, Nicklaus, Palmer and two other golfers will perform in front of TV cameras in the most exclusive four-man tournament ever staged; the winner will get \$50,000, second place will be worth \$15,000, third and fourth \$5,000 apiece. The sponsors: a radio-TV firm and a manufacturer of refrigerators.

Ninety Gopher. Whatever the price, Jack Nicklaus has the game to make it worthwhile. Hauling (5 ft. 11½ in., 202 lbs.) and heavy-legged, he does not have the easy, fluid drive of a Sam Snead or a Gene Littler; Nicklaus' swing is pure thunder. His wide, stubby-fingered hands choke the club in an old-fashioned interlocking grip, and when he swings he looks as if he might shoot in the 90s; his arms move back stiffly, his head sometimes bobs, his right knee brutally forces his left side out of the way on the downswing, and his right elbow flies away from his body. But at the moment of impact, when all that power pours into the club head, Nicklaus hits the ball as squarely and as solidly as a golf ball can be hit. In his prime, Bobby Jones drove 240 yds.; today's big hitters have advanced the art to the point where 260-yd. drives are common. For Nicklaus, who is the longest of the accurate drivers, a booming 285 yds. is the standard. Fortnight ago, in New Jersey's Thunderbird Invitational, Nicklaus had no trouble reaching the par-five 600-yd. 18th hole at Upper Montclair Country Club with a driver and a No. 3 wood. At the Open, he hit one drive that was later paced off at 328 yds.

The only weakness he concedes is his putting, sometimes erratic on slow greens. "Arnie Palmer is a better putter than I am," says Nicklaus, "mainly because he's had ten years longer to work on it." Yet during the entire U.S. Open, Nicklaus three-putted only one green out of 90 (v. Palmer's ten), missed only one putt under 5 ft. Meticulous as an IBM computer, he spends his practice rounds pacing off and charting each course he plays, jotting down the distances on cards that he carries in his back pocket so that he will always know exactly how far he is from the pin—and what club to use. When a reporter at the Open asked him how far he had hit a certain drive, Jack consulted his charts and drawled: "Well, the hole is 462 yds. long, and I was 165 yds. from the pin. So the drive must have been exactly 297 yds."

Once he walks off the 18th green, Nicklaus is so relaxed that he could probably fall asleep at a New Year's Eve party. On the course he is a study in utter concentration—cold, phlegmatic, withdrawn. Unlike such old pros as Tommy Bolt and Sam Snead, Nicklaus has never been known to lose his temper. Unlike Arnold Palmer, who is the jovial, wisecracking Yogi Berra of golf, he often goes through an entire round without speaking a word. At Merion in 1960, Nicklaus was attempting a 20-ft. birdie putt in the rain and

wind. As he addressed the ball, a gust blew his cap off. He never paused, calmly stroked the ball into the hole.

Down the Pike. In the Open last week, Nicklaus needed all the strength and single-mindedness he could muster. At its most generous, the Oakmont Country Club, with its ice-slick greens and 208 sand traps (including one that covers almost a quarter of an acre), is an unkind golf course. Tommy Armour called it "Hades"; Bobby Jones once picked up in disgust at the twelfth hole. A few years ago, Cary Middlecoff plucked his ball from a trap, laid it gently on the grass—and smashed it down the Pennsylvania Turnpike, which splits the course.

As tailored for last week's Open, Oakmont's string-bean fairways had been tightened to only 30 yds. in width on some holes, and the enormous greens had been shaved until only one-eighth inch of grass remained. Par had been lowered from 72 to 71, so tough that only 19 sub-par rounds were shot during the entire tournament. The lead skipped around as though the golfers were playing hot potato: Gene Littler, the first-day leader with a sparkling 69, sank rapidly to a tie for seventh, and five players held the lead at one point or another on the final day. In the end, though, only Palmer and Nicklaus remained, deadlocked at 283, just one under par.

Visions of Grandeur. In the next day's play-off, everything seemed to favor Palmer. He had grown up in Latrobe, Pa., just 40 miles from Oakmont's rolling fairways, and he had played the course "at least 200 times" before. Winner of 33 tournaments, including the 1960 U.S. Open and last year's British Open, golf's reigning king was having his best year. With \$60,331 already in the bank, he was—and still is—a good bet to smash his all-time money-winning record of \$75,262, set in 1960. Having won his third Masters title in April, he now had visions of a one-year "grand slam," winning all four of pro golf's major championships—Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and Professional Golfers' Association. Nobody, not Hagen or Hogan or Snead or Sarazen, had ever accomplished that before. "I want to win this one more than any tourna-



ARNIE'S ARMY WITH PERISCOPES
He doesn't mind a carom shot.

ment I've ever played," said Palmer on the eve of the Nicklaus play-off—but he was frankly worried. "I'd rather it was anybody but that big, strong, happy dude," he said.

By tee-time at 1:45 p.m., 10,000 keyed-up golf fans were strewn around the 6,804-yd. course. Wise ones invested in cardboard periscopes; wiser ones bought two, used Scotch tape to build periscopes on periscopes. All of them, it seemed, were for Palmer, the home-town hero. "Attaboy, Arnie!" cried the fans. "Go get him, Arnie, baby!" Some suggestions were even more pointed: "Needle him, Arnie." "Walk around while he's putting, Arnie."

Nicklaus acted as if he had cotton in his ears. He had played with Palmer during the first two rounds of the tournament, and he was used to Arnie's Army. As a matter of fact, the bigger Palmer's gallery, the better stolid Jack Nicklaus liked it. "Arnie always draws the big gallery wherever he goes," he said. "And a big



ZIMMERMAN-SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
NICHOLS



FRANCIS BIGNARDI
RODGERS

They'll be back.



JOHN S. ZIMMERMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

LOSER PALMER & "HANGER"

His comment was off the record.

gallery around the green is the biggest advantage a player can have. If you miss the green, you know the ball isn't going very far. The people just can't step out of the way fast enough. I don't mind a carom shot."

"He Plays Too Slow." On the very first hole, a downhill, 455-yd. par-four, Palmer pushed his drive into the rough, knocked his No. 6-iron approach over the green, overshot the pin by 15 ft. with a chip shot, two-putted for a weak bogey five. Playing near-flawless golf at a deliberate, almost indolent pace ("He plays too slow," said Palmer, "and I told him so"), Nicklaus made his par and took a one-stroke lead that he never relinquished. At the fourth hole, when Nicklaus hooked his tee shot into 6-in. rough, Palmer managed for the first time to out-drive the hefty Ohioan—and it was on that 544-yd. par-five hole that Nicklaus hit his best shot of the day. Forced to play a "safe" No. 3 iron from the clawing rough, Nicklaus faced an almost impossible third shot: a monstrous trap blocked his approach to the pin, set into the narrow neck of the pear-shaped green, 100 yds. away. Choosing a wedge from his bag, Nicklaus lofted the ball in a high arc over the trap, dropped it onto the green, just 6 ft. from the pin. He coolly sank the putt for a birdie four, went ahead in the match by two strokes.

After eight holes, grimacing, shaking his head, cursing his "crooked" putting, Palmer trailed Nicklaus by four strokes, and hundreds of his rooters streamed dejectedly toward the air-conditioned clubhouse bar. But at that moment, when his cause seemed most hopeless, Palmer's

cold putter turned hot. Plagued all tournament long by putts that simply would not drop—including one eight-footer that hung stubbornly on the rim while he waited for 3½ minutes—Palmer now could not miss. He birdied the ninth and eleventh holes, holed another birdie on the twelfth, and sliced Nicklaus' margin to a single stroke. Scoreboards flashed the news, and fans flocked back to watch Palmer stage another of those whirlwind rallies that have made him the most exciting golfer of his time.

"Don't Be an Idiot." "I wasn't scared," recalls Nicklaus. "I wasn't supposed to beat him anyhow, so why should I be scared? I just told myself, 'Most people get flustered when Palmer does this and start bogeying. Don't be an idiot. Remember, you've played twelve holes and you're one up—that's all that counts. Just play your own game. Palmer can bogey them too.'" On the par-three, 161-yd. 13th hole, Palmer did just that: he underclubbed himself, hit the green 40 ft. short of the pin and three-putted.

Now Nicklaus had a comfortable two-stroke cushion, and Palmer was running out of holes. Like a poker player who has caught his opponent bluffing, Nicklaus raised the ante. "I told myself not to play conservatively for any reason," says Nicklaus, "because if I did, I'd lose. So I went for birdies on every hole. I didn't make them, but neither did Arnie. By the 18th, I still had a two-stroke lead.

"I hadn't been frightened all day, but I was worried about my tee shot on 18. I pulled it about 18 in., into the rough at the left. I had an awful lie, but at least I was in bounds. I had about a 180-yd.

shot to the green, but I had to clear a trap, and from my lie it was questionable. So I did the safest possible thing: I took out my wedge and played it onto the fairway short of the trap. I figured that I was 103 yds. away from the front of the green, 137 yds. from the back, and 130 yds. from the pin. 'An easy 9-iron will get you to the front,' I said to myself. 'A hard 9 will get you over. So let's hit a nice easy one.' I hit it just right—about 130 yds., 12 ft. to the left of the cup. Then Palmer hit his pitch shot and I thought, 'Oh God, I guess I just have to expect it to go in.' But it didn't; it rolled past about 10 ft. Even then, I wasn't sure of winning. If he made his putt and I three-putted, we were going to the 19th—and even making a two-footer isn't easy when it means a national championship. But Arnie missed, and I thought, 'Well, finally, it's over.'" All that remained was the last, quick putt, and a brief handclasp from a tired, dejected and thoroughly-beaten Palmer.

Young Man's Business. The end of the Open was more than a Nicklaus triumph: it showed vividly how golf, the middle-aged man's pastime, is becoming a young man's business. Of the first seven finishers, only one—Arnold Palmer—was over 30. For the first time in 13 years, Ben Hogan, now 49 and the hero of four Opens, was not even in the field. Balding Sam Snead, 49, trying for the 21st time for the victory he has always wanted most, wound up tied for 38th. More than ever before, pro golf belonged to the prodigies—the irreverent, burr-headed youngsters to whom no course is too tough, no challenge too bold, no competitor too strong. Three of the best:

► **PHIL RODGERS**, 24, fifth (with \$27,830) in money winnings in his first full year, is already a hard-nosed pro who considers victory his rightful due. A short, stocky ex-marine, Rodgers has won two tournaments (Los Angeles Open, Tucson Open), finished among the top five in three others. He could have won the Open: at the end, he was only two strokes behind Palmer and Nicklaus—despite the fact that he had wasted five strokes in the first two rounds. On opening day, Rodgers hooked a drive into a spruce tree at Oakmont's 17th hole, used up three strokes trying unsuccessfully to get out, and took a horrendous quadruple-bogey 8. Warned Rodgers grimly: "Don't forget me, I'll be back."

► **GARY PLAYER**, 26, is possibly the best foreign player ever to invade the U.S. A powerful driver despite his size (5 ft. 7 in., 150 lbs.), the swarthy South African sometimes swings so hard that he falls over backward on the tee. Player had never won an amateur tournament when he abruptly turned pro at 17, but he practiced eight hours a day, trimmed off excess weight, built up muscle by lifting weights. In 1956 he borrowed money to finance his first trip abroad. Since then he has won the Masters, the British, Australian and South African Opens, was runner-up to Tommy Bolt in the 1958 U.S. Open, to Palmer in the 1962 Masters, and was



This is an undramatic, unspectacular, inconspicuous, rather small car that costs nearly \$6,000.

WHO SAYS IT'S WORTH IT?

Ken Purdy: "To buy a better-built, more comfortable medium-sized car than the Rover 3-Litre, you will have to go a long way over its price—I mean, by thousands of dollars, not hundreds."

Raymond Mays, Autosport: "It is luxurious to a degree that is outside the experience of many people who pay more for their transport."

Sports Cars Illustrated: "A delivered price of about \$5,800* makes the 3-Litre Rover an expensive car to buy. However, purchase of a Rover is the nearest an individual can come to buying a friend."

Denise McCullaghe, Town & Country: "You know those ads of Rolls-Royce that say people who are 'diffident' about driving a Rolls can choose a Bentley? Well, clearly, people who are diffident about driving a Bentley can choose a Rover. And save themselves several thousand dollars' diffidence."

WHAT DO THEY LIKE ABOUT IT?

Cameron Dewar, Boston Sunday Herald: "... the Rover is quite likely to outlast two or three ordinary machines."

Ken Purdy, Playboy: "The immaculate leather and walnut interior reflects the British company's policy of using only the best material, where it shows and where it does not, as well. The Rover shares many points of mechanical similarity with the Rolls-Royce, and every knowledgeable tester who drives a Rover inevitably compares it with that make. It's one of the world's great cars."

Raymond Mays, Autosport: "It is fast in the broadest sense (not merely capable, that is to say, of spec-

tacular but brief speed bursts); safe, and reliable at any speed within its scope, and comfortable and quiet enough to enable driver and passengers to cover distances of seven or eight hundred miles in one day without having to take the next day off for rest and recuperation."

Motor Trend: "Hip-, leg- and head-room are more than adequate for both driver and passenger....The front seat will sit three persons comfortably and looks as if four will fit without too much crowding.... In fact the total interior dimensions belie the short 110½ wheelbase of the car and one gets the idea that it is much bigger."

Cameron Dewar, Boston Sunday Herald: "The firm's standards for materials are so high that nothing is commercially available, so steels and alloys are specially made to Rover specifications. Virtually no chassis lubrication is required and the factory quality control is high enough to leave one breathless."

Denise McCullaghe, Town & Country: "A feature of the engine is a smoothly operating crank-shaft that has seven copper-lead bearings. Such bearings are said to last about four times longer than white metal bearings, which is a happy thing for the car owner but isn't exactly the sort of thing that drives ad men into ecstasies. Neither are wheel hubs that need greasing only every two years, or a gas-reserve switch that gives you 1½ more [Imperial] gallons after you thought you were fresh out, or disc brakes on the front wheels and big drums on the rear, or door-wide pockets for maps, etc., on the front doors. But all these things keep adding up to a driver-pleasing total."

Motor Trend: "The brakes are really something and after you've used them a few times you wonder why can't all cars have their equal.... With 11 inch drums on the rear and big 9½ inch Girling discs on the front, fade is almost non-existent. Stopping distance from 60 mph was one of the shortest we've recorded."

Ken Purdy: "Just under the dashboard there's a bigish lever marked 'Cold Start'....When this lever is pulled out, the engine will start unless the temperature is so far below zero—say minus 40°F—that the oil has congealed into a solid."

Sports Cars Illustrated: "With the exception of the cold start device....and the oil level gadget....all of these instruments can be found on many other cars. What you don't find, however, is the quality of workmanship that makes everything on the Rover work with such a degree of smoothness that you find yourself clicking things on and off just to look and listen."

Road & Track: "Many of the best automobile writers have tried to explain the insidious charm of the Rover and we think the sentence by Denise McCullaghe, who writes the automobile column for *Town & Country*, sums things up properly. She wrote, 'It is simply a well-engineered, beautifully constructed automobile that appeals to people who want well-engineered, beautifully constructed automobiles.'"

For information about the Rover 3-Litre, or Rover's Overseas Delivery Plan, see one of the Rover dealers listed below or write or telephone The Rover Motor Company of North America Limited, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York. YUkon 6-0220.

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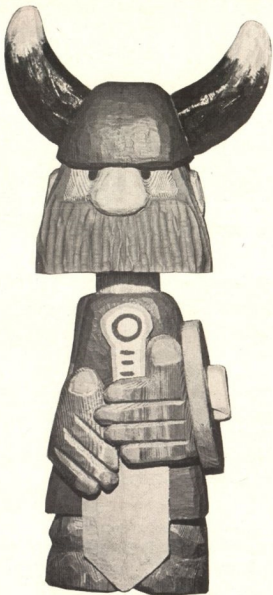
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Royal Viking is premium-priced, naturally. The finest imports always cost more—and Royal Viking is Europe's finest beer, so prized in Denmark that it bears the Royal Warrant. Although still in limited supply, Royal Viking is available at many food stores, supermarkets and restaurants. Ask for it tomorrow.

* GOLD MEDAL WINNER EUROPEAN BEER OLYMPICS, BRUSSELS, 1962

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leading last week's Open by two strokes on the final day when his putting touch deserted him.

► **BOB NICHOLS**, 26, is lucky to be alive, let alone playing championship golf: in 1952 he was nearly killed in an auto crash when the car in which he and several other teen-agers were riding went off the road at 107 m.p.h. Unconscious for 13 days, Nichols was hospitalized for 96 with a broken pelvis, a back injury, a concussion and assorted internal injuries. He recovered completely, won an athletic scholarship to Texas A. & M., turned pro in 1959. Husky (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.) and handsome, Nichols can slam a drive as far as Nicklaus, though not with the same arrow accuracy: he once won a driving contest with measured drives of 347, 352 and 367 yds. So far this year, Nichols has earned \$26,475, won two tournaments—including a play-off victory over Nicklaus in the Houston Classic. In the Open, he tied Rodgers for third.

There is nothing stereotyped about the new pros except the daring golf they play and the supreme confidence they display in their talents. "I'm playing beautifully," Gary Player announced to reporters before the start of the 1961 Masters. "I think I may win this tournament." Four days later, he did. On the first tee at the 1958 N.C.A.A. championships in Williamstown, Mass., chunky Phil Rodgers, then a University of Houston student, turned around and announced to the gallery: "I've got a hundred bucks says I'll win this thing." No one felt like betting, and Rodgers went on to win 8 and 7. To these youngsters, Arnold Palmer is no bogey man, but just another pro trying to take money out of their pockets. Says Jack Nicklaus: "Armie's not that much better than anyone else. Everybody thinks Palmer will win, and he has come from behind often enough so that pretty soon the play-



AT HOME IN UPPER ARLINGTON WITH SON, WIFE & FATHER
"It's like living my life all over again."

er facing him thinks so too. Well, maybe it's a certain cockiness in me, but I can't really admit to myself that Palmer or any other player is a better golfer than I am."

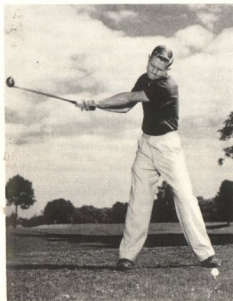
Never Again. Perhaps nobody is. In the very first round of golf that Jack Nicklaus ever shot, at ten, he scored a 51 for nine holes—and he has never done that poorly since. Recalls his father, a Columbus, Ohio, chain druggist and a onetime scratch handicapper on the golf course: "By the time Jack was twelve, I couldn't handle him any more. I remember one day I hit as good a drive as I could, maybe 260 yds. I told Jack, 'If you outhit that one, I'll buy you a Cadillac convertible.' He hit his ball 25 or 30 yds. past mine, and I never outdove him again." (Jack never forgot the promise, settled for a Mercury convertible when he graduated from high school.) About that same time, Jack caught the eye of Jack Grount, then a pro at Columbus' Scioto Country Club. Recalls Grount: "I smoked a good one off the tee at No. 16, over the hill in the fairway. I hit onto the green with a 7-iron. Just after I started walking toward the green, a ball came whizzing by me. I looked around and I couldn't see anyone. Pretty soon, here comes little Jack, Charlie Nicklaus' son, playing all by himself. That was his drive. I knew right then this kid was something. When you're only twelve and hit the ball that far—it must have been 275 yds.—wow!" A year later, at 13, Jack shot a 69 from the back tees at Scioto—a 7,095-yd. championship course that has been the site of the Open, the P.G.A. and the Ryder Cup.

During the next eight years, Papa Nicklaus poured more than \$35,000 into his prodigy son's golf—for clubs, clothes, transportation, hotels, caddy fees, etc. "It's the most wonderful money I ever spent," says Charles Nicklaus. "I figure it's like living my life all over again. I always wanted to be a champ." By the

time he was 14, Jack already was a local hero in Columbus. **MOVE OVER SNEAD—MAKE ROOM FOR JACKIE**, read a headline in the Columbus *Citizen* in 1954. Sports-writers compared Jack to Bobby Jones—who had captured the Georgia Amateur at 14, gone on to the third round of the National Amateur. Even Jones showed up to watch Nicklaus play in his first U.S. Amateur at 15, and the Ohioan was so rattled by his presence that he hit a drive into the woods on one hole, skulled his approach on the next, made a total mess of a third and lost the match, 1 up.

"Now Be Quiet." Jack Nicklaus has rarely been rattled since. Says his father: "Once, when he was 15, I was driving him to a tournament. I started to encourage him and tell him 'You're good enough to win this.' He told me, 'I know it. Now be quiet.'" At 16, Nicklaus won his first major tournament, the Ohio Open, from a full field of professionals—shooting a record first round 64 and leading all the way. Meanwhile, he was making quite a reputation for himself as an all-round athlete. "When he was in junior high," recalls his father, "he told me he wanted to play football. I told him, 'Aw, you're not fast enough.' One night he came home to dinner and casually asked if I was going to the track meet that night. I said, 'Why should I?' He said, 'Because I'm running.' That night, competing against older boys, Jack won the 100- and 220-yd. dashes, anchored the winning 880-yd. relay team, placed second in the high jump and broad jump. Says Charlie: "He came home that night, handed me the ribbons he'd won, and said, 'Do you think I'm fast enough for football now?'"

At Upper Arlington High School, Jack was varsity baseball catcher and a four-year letterman in basketball, averaging 18 points a game during his senior year. Scholarship offers poured in from a dozen



NICKLAUS AT 14
"Here comes little Jack."

In Strict Confidence...

Ever read the Hippocratic oath all the way through? After more than 2,000 years, some of it is a bit outdated. But there's one sentence that is still held sacred by all doctors—and by members of many other professions and trades as well:

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colleges. "He was talking about how much this one or that one had offered him, how good a deal he could get," says Charlie. "I told him to stop thinking about the fun and money and think about the education." Jack's choice: home-town Ohio State University—without a scholarship.

At Ohio State, Nicklaus began winning everything in sight: Walker Cup matches, England's Grand Challenge Cup, the North and South Amateur, the Trans-Mississippi, and the U.S. Amateur (at 19, he was the youngest amateur champion in 50 years). He also won himself a wife, Barbara, a child, Jack II, an insurance business, and more worries than he could shoulder. "I was trying to do three jobs at once," he says, "and I wasn't doing justice to any of them. My grades were falling off. I wasn't making as much money from insurance as I knew I could. My golf wasn't good—and I don't enjoy playing bad golf." Nicklaus decided to quit both college and the insurance business temporarily and turn pro. "I figured if I could make a good living doing what I liked best, why not?"

No More Fats. In those first few frustrating months on the pro tour, making money but not winning, Nicklaus patiently retooled his game, aiming for the kind of versatility that would allow him to play under any conditions, on any kind of course. He worked off the 25 excess pounds that had his fellow pros calling him "Ohio Fats" (in college, his nicknames were "Blob-O" and "Whaleman"). He also had to learn to adjust to the nomadic life of a pro: until last week, when he decided to take a few days off and fish for trout, Jack had been home for only 17 days since January. When he wearily pulled up outside his modest, green-shuttered Cape Cod in suburban Upper Arlington, Ohio, his neighbors were ready for him: WELCOME HOME, 1962 OPEN CHAMP read a banner hanging from the roof, P.S., SOMEONE ALREADY MOWED YOUR LAWN.

The months ahead will be busy, and the pressures to win will be greater than ever. Simon & Schuster plans to publish an instructional golf book under his byline; MacGregor and Slazengers will produce Jack Nicklaus golf clubs; Revere Sportswear will manufacture a Jack Nicklaus line of shirts and sweaters. Nicklaus has been signed for three TV golf shows, he will play a series of exhibitions (at a minimum of \$2,000 each), and he is negotiating contracts for endorsements of slacks, walking shorts, sports jackets, windbreakers, shoes, cigarettes and skin bracer. Arnold Palmer, an old hand at such matters, has often complained that his extra-curricular business activities leave him too little energy for playing championship-caliber golf, and youthful Jack Nicklaus is going to have to adjust to being a celebrity too. If he can, with at least a dozen good playing years ahead of him, there seems no limit to the heights he may reach. He has certainly set his goal high enough. "I want," says Jack Nicklaus, "to be the best golfer the world has ever seen."

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TIME, JUNE 29, 1962

The Barbless Hook

For four decades, Ten Thousand Men of Harvard—or a goodly number of them—have actually sat down and read the annual appeal for contributions to the Harvard Fund. It might contain a richly allusive essay on how Thoreau would have viewed the college hierarchy, or some gentle musings on the anti-Harvard attitude of Harvard's Henry Adams, or even reflections on the upstream migration of the alewives, persistent saltwater fish that



WILL RAFFERTY

FUND-RAISER McCORD
Couth, kempt and pecunious.

find their way to Massachusetts streams each spring. These unlikely enclosures come from a man with an unlikely blend of talents: David McCord—poet, essayist and professional fund raiser—who retires this week after 37 years as executive director of the Harvard Fund Council.

Often praised as an adroit practitioner of the soft sell, Fund Raiser McCord, 64, prefers to think of himself as a man "fishing with a barbless hook." He says his technique "does not stem from any personal bias, but simply out of my unshakable belief in the philosophy of using civilized language for a civil purpose." According to McCord, college fund raisers should "act as though we were an extension of, and not simply a blunt instrument for, our alma mater."

700,000 Words a Year. David McCord has been a worthy extension of his university in more than one field. While working as a fund raiser, he has written or edited 21 books, has had several one-man shows of his watercolors. His *What Cheer* is the classic anthology of British and American humorous verse, and his own poems are in more than 100 anthologies. In light verse McCord has waged a furious mock battle for the "lost positive"—

Sheveled and couth and kempt, pecunious, ane

His image trudes upon the ceptive brain.

In more serious poetry he often returns to Harvard:

"Is that you, John Harvard?"

I said to his statue.

"Aye—that's me," said John

"And after you're gone."

Harvard has honored McCord with a scholarship in his name and, in 1956, its first honorary Doctor of Humane Letters. But McCord's own rewards have always been poetry, or an afternoon passed in intelligent conversation, or a long night turning out well-honed prose—as impeccably polished for an answer to a gripping alumnus as for an essay on the woods of New Hampshire. McCord estimates that his yearly prose output has averaged 700,000 words, "or seven novels of the old style." His old-style rite is that "a letter always deserves a letter."

Oo-too-koo. To small donors, he commends the utility of the Unalakleet Eskimo language, in which the one word *oo-too-koo* means "small and I wish it were bigger." One Harvardman wrote during the Depression to explain in a flurry of metallic puns his inability to donate: "I am an aluminum of two colleges besides Harvard, and can not pay antimony to all three." McCord's answer was a simple "Iron stand you." To the 35% of Harvard alumni who had never heeded his call, McCord one year hopefully anticipated the day when he could write to them a couplet he originally composed as an *Epitaph for a Waiter*:

By and by

God caught his eye.

McCord's graceful prose has generally succeeded in catching alumni. His essay on the alewives, enclosed in a letter for the 1960 alumni fund, inspired 1,100 alumni who had already donated to send in second checks totaling more than \$37,000. McCord's grand total over the years: \$15,319,872.26.

Except for five early years on the Boston *Evening Transcript*, McCord has been at Harvard ever since he graduated in 1921. He says that in retirement, "Chinese, Greek, Debussy, tobacco, trout are the things I want to investigate—in that order."

A Start in Chinese

The world's most widely spoken language is taught in only about 30 U.S. high schools, and then often by part-time volunteers hired to teach another subject. Last week at Thayer Academy, a well-loved prep school near Boston, 39 teenagers began the most ambitious program yet for introducing intensive instruction in Mandarin Chinese to high schools, thereby bringing U.S. language instruction closer to cold war realities.

The students, all of whom will be seniors in nearby schools next fall, will live and work in Thayer's "Chinese compound" for nine weeks this summer, and will continue to receive four hours of Chinese instruction a week during the coming academic year. Next summer some

will attend college language programs in the U.S.; others will spend six weeks at Formosa's Tungshai University.

Co-godfathers of Thayer Academy's Institute of Asian Studies are energetic Headmaster Gordon O. Thayer, 52, and Henry Courtenay Fenn, 68, a renowned linguist who retires this month as director of Yale's prestigious Institute of Far Eastern Languages. Gordon Thayer's incentive to teach Chinese came from his language problems in another important part of the world, Eastern Europe. Lecturing (with the help of an interpreter) through a cultural exchange program two years ago, Thayer realized how little Americans know of Eastern European language and culture—and how much less they must know about Asia. Back in the U.S., Thayer got a \$108,500 grant from the Carnegie Foundation.

While considering the project, Carnegie officials naturally turned to Henry Fenn for advice on testing and curriculum.



GEORGE WOODRUFF

TEACHING AT THAYER
Memorize, memorize, memorize.

Fenn responded with the enthusiasm of a man who has fought for years to introduce "remote languages" (e.g., Chinese, Arabic, Swahili) into high schools. The China-born son of American missionaries, Fenn has spent 40 years teaching in the U.S. and China. During World War II Yale drafted him to help establish its "blitz" language program, which crammed U.S. soldiers with conversational Chinese in four months. Many of the high schools that have introduced Chinese have done so under Fenn's prodding—and most of them use the textbook developed at Yale.

Fenn's blitz is described by one teacher as "memorize, memorize, memorize. Listen and memorize, say and memorize, see and memorize." Even the most enthusiastic Thayer student realizes he will eventually sigh: "Wo hen lei [I am very tired]."

◻ A distant descendant of Thayer Founder General Sylvanus Thayer, who also founded Dartmouth's Thayer Engineering School and served as a superintendent of West Point.



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FROM RACING CHAMPION DR. DICK THOMPSON: **THE LESSON OF 155 MPH!**

He's Dr. Dick Thompson, a lean, crewcut, ex-Dartmouth athlete from Washington, D.C. Last year, he drove to a National Sports Car Championship. Starting late in the racing season, he piloted the familiar white Corvette to five straight firsts in major "point" races. Bridgehampton, Long Island . . . Indianapolis . . . Thompson, Connecticut . . . the Road America 500 . . . finally, the twisting Watkins Glen road course. Week after week, he won the big ones. We asked him how he did it.

Dick Thompson: "Anytime you win a race, it's a combination of things working for you. The car. The crew. Maybe even a little luck."

What about gasoline and oil? "You bet they're important. Especially oil. With the wrong oil, you may not only lose the race — you can lose the engine, too."

What makes an oil "right" for racing? "Many of the same things that make it right on the highway. Mainly, its ability to stand up under high temperatures. At racing speeds, you get temperatures as high as 300° in the crankcase. That's hotter than boiling water. Your oil really has to have stamina to stand up under the pounding of these temperatures and speeds."

Racing speeds? How high do they go? "Well, on a long straightaway, like the one at Daytona Beach, Florida, I was getting 155 miles an hour out of the Corvette. Of course, then you're shifting down to 40 around the hairpins. But it's up at 155 miles an hour where you learn whether or not your motor oil is going to stand up under the toughest conditions."

How does that compare with highway driving, at normal speeds? "Look at it this way. In a 500-mile race you put more strain — lots more — on your engine and your oil than by driving from Washington, D.C. to San Francisco at a steady 60 miles an hour. And in a race, you can't take time out for an oil change."

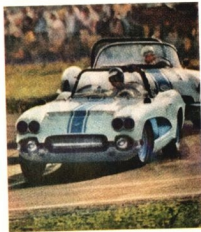
In your 11 years of racing, what oil has worked best for you? "Gulfpride. As far back as 1953, I was using Gulfpride in the cars I raced."

How did Gulfpride perform for you last year? "The fact that we won the championship is answer enough. We had less mechanical trouble than anybody else I know of in the sports-car circuit."

What if the oil thins out at those temperatures? "Engine failure! When oil thins out too much, it can't do the lubricating and sealing job. Then parts begin to fail — valve lifters, rings, camshaft. All moving parts get excessive wear. You might get piston seizure. Finally, by thinning out and the high wear rate that results, you can increase oil consumption until practically all the oil is gone. With Gulfpride, we didn't have any of these problems."

How much Gulfpride does your car use up in a race? "At Daytona, for example, the Corvette used up one pint. In a 250-mile race, that's phenomenal."

What oil do you use in your family car? "Gulfpride. For 15 years. I've seen Gulfpride perform in the toughest test you can give a motor oil. I use Gulfpride in my own and my wife's car. We change it about every 30 days. On a program like this, I can be sure of keeping these cars running like tops for years."



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Dr. Dick Thompson buys his Gulfpride Motor Oil and New No-Nox® gasoline at Winterstein Gulf in Washington, D.C.

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MUSIC

Rhapsody in Russia

Halfway through his six-week tour of Russia, Bandleader Benny Goodman blew into Leningrad last week and delivered his message—piping hot and groovy. The Leningrad crowd that surged forward to greet him at the opening concert shouting "Dava! Benny!" was by all odds the jazz-happiest crew the band had yet encountered. The only letdown came at what should have been a high point in the tour—the collaboration of Goodman and Pianist Byron Janis in a performance of *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Unable to agree on a date for the concert, the two had been bickering by phone as they followed their separate trajectories across the face of Mother Russia. Finally, Janis agreed to delay his departure to accommodate Goodman. At the first joint rehearsal, he won the immediate respect of the musicians for his superb technique. But Goodman refused to allow a second rehearsal of the infrequently performed Phil Lang arrangement of the score, trusting to his band's ingenuity to carry it over the tough spots. Ingenuity, it turned out, was not enough. Because Clarinetist Goodman insisted on tooting from the center of the stage, the piano blocked him from Janis' view, forcing the pianist to crane sideways. To make matters worse, most of the time Benny neglected to conduct; Janis was kept busy nodding cues to the band. The performance was studded with sour notes and awkward pauses.

The *Rhapsody* over, Goodman and company piled into their more familiar repertory—such songs as *Let's Dance* and *One O'Clock Jump*—with a gusto that brought the audience to its feet and saved the evening. Vocalist Joya Sherrill, in strapless white gown, belted out a medley of show tunes, broke into a fractured Russian jazz version of the popular song *Katyusha*, finally set the crowd roaring by drawing out a throaty "*Spasibo bolshe*" (Thank you very much). After five encores, the band signed off with its theme song, *Let's Dance*. The audience continued to clap rhythmically, and Goodman led his weary men back onstage for another 15 minutes of encores. Even then, the audience would not leave until Goodman appeared again onstage in hat and raincoat and acknowledged the ovation.

The only unhappy man in the hall was Pianist Janis. Said he, still brooding over Goodman's insistence on remaining at stage center: "Incredible vanity."

Falla's Last Dream

For the last 20 years of his life, Spanish Composer Manuel de Falla (1876-1946) seemed to have deserted music. In Granada, and later in Argentina, he passed his time in apparently unproductive solitude. But Falla never stopped working, and the years of silence were filled with a dream—"to glorify the immortality of Spain through music." Last week, at Mi-

lan's La Scala, the grand dream came to life at the premiere of Falla's four-hour-long scenic cantata *La Atlántida*.

Falla conceived of *La Atlántida* as his life's masterpiece, a Spanish *Parsifal*, throbbing with epic Wagnerian themes and massive Wagnerian thunder. He took his title and story from the Catalan epic by Jacinto Verdaguer—a tale of the lost continent of Atlantis, destroyed for its sins, and of Spain preserved to export Christianity to the New World.

Fing, Pang, Pong. The old, unhappy exile spun out his cantata in 29 scenes, but at his death, most of the orchestration



MANUEL DE FALLA
From exile, a triumph of real music.

was still incomplete; the rough score entrusted to his sister Maria contained as many as six alternate versions of some scenes. The job of selecting the best versions and of stitching the whole thing together was taken over by Spanish Composer Ernesto Halffter, a onetime pupil. Halffter was confident that he could remain true to the master's "musical tastes and aesthetic conceptions."

He did. At La Scala, under the baton of U.S. Conductor Thomas Schippers, *La Atlántida* proved to be a grandiose but admirably controlled work that made its points with much of the concision that Falla displayed in such earlier compositions as *The Three-Cornered Hat*. Where Falla departed from his familiar style was in the sparing use of folk material and in the skillful use of a descriptive chorus. *Atlántida* has only three major singing roles: Narrator Corifeo (Baritone Lino Puglisi), Queen Pyrene (Mezzo Giulietta Simonato), and Queen Isabella (Soprano Teresa Stratas). Much of the action is either pantomime or dancing.

The cantata introduces an old man, the Spirit of the Sea, who relates the story of the sinking of Atlantis to a young man named Christopher Columbus. The story winds through the wanderings of Hercules, his destruction of the three-headed monster Geryones, and finally ends with the vision of Columbus—with alleluias of thanksgiving for the land he will soon discover. Completely tonal, full of color and exciting contrasts, the heroic score was never overwhelming, always deft in its handling of a myriad of descriptive effects. And the weightiness of the theme was relieved by occasional touches of humor, most strikingly with the singing of the three-headed Geryones (Tenors Pier Francesco Poli, Pico de Palma, Sergio Pezzetti), which sounded a little like *Turandot*'s Ping, Pang and Pong in flamenco.

Muscles & Washboard. The La Scala gallery found itself a new hero in the actor who mimed the role of Hercules—U.S.-born Roger Browne, whose normal occupation is playing muscle-bound heroes in grade-B Italian movies. (Said he: "This opera business is great and not such hot work as filming.")

Although the premiere was not, as Director Margherita Wallmann claimed, "the greatest musical event since Berg's *Wozzeck*," it marked an important addition to the comparatively small body of Falla's work. Conductor Schippers spoke for most of the audience when he hailed *Atlántida* as "the triumph of real music over washboard twelve-tone."

Answers for Orchestras

When orchestra managers have managerial headaches, as they almost constantly do, one source of sympathy—and sometimes relief—is the American Symphony Orchestra League. Last week delegates to the League's annual convention in Chicago were thrashing out new answers to old problems—and sizing up some new questions as well. Items:

- ▶ Should symphonies receive a federal subsidy? A surprising 50% of the half of the symphony board directors who responded voted yes as compared with a mere 9% who voted the same way on the same question nine years ago.
- ▶ Should orchestras play *The Star-Spangled Banner* before concerts? Conductors were 70% opposed. Said one: "The melody is from an English drinking song and has no place in a concert."
- ▶ Should conductors change orchestras and move around the country? Most were in favor of periodic moves, with one notable dissent: "No, you should move the board of directors."

One closed-session workshop was restricted to the wives of conductors and managers, with no minutes allowed. According to one leak, the qualities voted most desirable in a musical wife were musical background and talent as a hostess. Biggest faults: taking stands on too many issues and bragging about husbands. Warned one conductor's wife, who found herself smiling icily at an antagonistic newspaper critic all through a cocktail party: "You have to be impervious to insult."

MODERN LIVING

LEISURE

Reveille

The organized summer camp is the most significant contribution to education that America has given to the world.

—Dr. Charles William Eliot,
President of Harvard University
(1869-1909)

The call of the wild is sounding again across the land, and mothers are responding to it with their rolls of name tapes and their nonstop check lists: three blankets, four cot sheets, one laundry bag, warm socks, flashlight, and on and on. Soon railroad stations and bus terminals will be shrill with young voices and heavy with premonitory pangs of homesickness as some 5,500,000 children set out for almost 14,000 summer camps. And many of them will be learning things that would have surprised Dr. Eliot.

For the trend is toward specialty camping. There are music camps that serve up chorales after calisthenics and offer fugues around the campfire. There are dance camps and science camps, art camps, and camps whose campers make expeditions to local straw-hat theaters while more orthodox campers are doing their canoe trips and overnight hikes. There are football camps such as the All-America at Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y., and baseball camps like Dodgertown at Vero Beach, Fla. Buster Crabbe's Camp Meenahga in Onchiota, N.Y., specializes, naturally, in swimming and skindiving.

There are camps where rich children can do farm chores, camps that cram French or Hebrew. Three are especially appealing to the mind's eye: Vacation Place (Southampton, N.Y.) is a camp for aspiring models; Camp All-American (Hartland, Mich.) is for cheerleaders and drum majorettes; and Camp Seascape (Cape Cod, Mass.) has a 100% population of overweight teen-age girls.



MODEL CAMPERS AT VACATION PLACE, N.Y.
Also fugues, chores, Bible and baseball.

TRAVEL

Luxury Abroad

Once upon a time, traveling in the U.S. meant trains, and trains meant living it up. In 1911, for instance, the Santa Fe's *De Luxe* between Chicago and Los Angeles provided passengers with tubs and showers, a library, stock quotations and news reports, and the services of a barber, manicurist, lady's maid and train secretary. And, reports Railroad Buff Lucius Beebe, "at the top of the Cajon Pass out of San Bernardino, uniformed messengers boarded the *De Luxe* with bouquets of fresh flowers for every lady passenger and alligator billfolds for the gentlemen."

U.S. railroads today would far rather haul freight than people—and they show it. But things are different in the rest of the world. Though the glamorous *Orient Express*, beloved by mystery writers, has been curtailed because of international red tape and visa requirements, the luxury train still belongs to the European way of life. Latest and best is West Germany's sleek new *Rheingold Express*, which clicks along at 100 m.p.h. between Basel and Hook of Holland. Its six cars offer the latest in air-conditioned high living—roomy six-seat compartments, contoured reclining chairs, a glass-walled observation car for Rhineland castle watching, cocktail lounge and gourmet restaurant, plus telephone service and a trilingual secretary for eager businessmen.

Even more de luxe is the Japanese National Railways' *Kodama*, which has eight trains daily each way between Tokyo and Osaka, covering the 345 miles in 6½ hours.

Car attendants, known as "boy-san," offer cold or hot towels to travelers, and serve them cups of tea as soon as they settle in their reclining seats equipped with ear-plug radio receivers. Passengers too indolent to make their way to diner or buffet are served by uniformed girls trundling



WILFRIED KÖRBER

WEST GERMANY'S "RHEINGOLD EXPRESS"
Also a hot towel from boy-san.

carts richly laden with food and sake up and down the aisles. Not the least of *Kodama's* claims to fame is its split-second scheduling. Trains leave with the precision of a time signal, are allowed errors of only 15 seconds in passing major stations along the route. Five minutes' leeway is permitted on time of arrival but more than a minute of this margin is rarely used.

In fact, railroads are booming in Japan. One reason, of course, is that the highways are too bad for buses and trucks to offer any serious competition, while the cost of airplane travel is still out of reach of most Japanese. But another secret of Japanese rails' success is the high standard of service epitomized in *Kodama*.

FASHION

Flat Contradiction

Even if she has the right amounts of fashion flair and cash to aspire to the lists of the best-dressed, the woman with the wrong amount of bosom will never make it. Couturiers do not design for the bosomy woman; her body disrupts the line of their clothes. Fashion photographers have no use for her; she throws unseemly shadows. In style-conscious Manhattan, the woman with breasts is out; the flat-chested look has been in for almost as long as men have been designing women's clothes, and in with a vengeance ever since 1957's "sack" look.

But last week, as some 1,000 out-of-town buyers headed home after days of hectic shopping at Manhattan's annual Undergarment Market Week, their order books reflected little interest in the flat look. In scores of Manhattan showrooms, they had gravely inspected parades of full-breasted models wearing bras to make the mostest of the leastest, rather than vice versa. Said one buyer: "It may be chic in New York to be flat-chested, but the rest of American women still have bosoms and aren't really interested in looking like they don't."

In most areas, uplift bras are outselling

the ordinary "natural" bras nearly 10 to 1; Warner's (Bali) reports that uplifts account for 95% of its brassiere sales. And in recent months, padded bras have been selling almost as well. The H. W. Gossard Co. (makers of the "Answer" bra) sells almost no bras to women in Washington, D.C., and Baltimore that do not have extra cushioning. Charmfit finds sales of padded bras up 20% over last year's. One Los Angeles store reports that six out of every ten bras it sells are padded. In Chicago, Formfit Foundations President Sigmund Kunstader says "the flat-chested look has made only small inroads," and a spokesman for Atlanta's Rich's Department Store claims that "the flat look in the South is definitely out."

RECREATION

Blue Pool

Pool, as a national pastime, has long been behind an eight ball of its own making. Main Street's billiard academy allowed itself to become a gathering place for grifters and idlers, then was run out of town. The shark-infested pool halls of the big cities retreated into one-flight-up locations, shrinking into such shabby anonymity that parents no longer bothered to warn the young against them. And the era has passed when every self-respecting millionaire's mansion was big enough to include a billiard room, where even a lady might join the gentlemen for an after-dinner round. No longer does a super-champ like Willie Hoppe draw thousands to his exhibition games.

Pool playing is becoming respectable again. The recent film, *The Hustler*, may have done little to elevate the game's social position, but it demonstrated to millions its hypnotic appeal. A memorable photograph of Britain's Queen Mother neatly pulling off a southpaw shot did wonders in selling the game to women. But pool's biggest push has come from bowling.

Bowling alleys, which have transformed themselves into highly respectable meccas of organized togetherness (don't say "alleys," say "lanes"), are featuring billiard rooms (don't say "pool," say "pocket billiards"), where Mom and the kids can click away in an air-conditioned, Muzaked atmosphere as wholesome as mah-jongg.

Jackie Gleason, the massive Minnesota Fats in *The Hustler*, once observed that poolrooms have a "dirty antiseptic look—spots on the floor, toilets stuffed up, but the tables brushed immaculately, like green jewels lying in the mud." The Brunswick Corp. of Chicago, largest commercial U.S. billiard equipment manufacturer, is determined to change all that, has produced some innovations aimed straight at Mom; e.g., tables have been contoured along Detroit lines with chrome doodads and two-tone cowwork. But the feature that will bring the loudest howls from Gleason and other reactionary cue sticklers is the new look of the table-topping: it now comes in blue, beige, tangerine and gold. Green? You could order it, too, if you want to be quaint.

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PEUGEOT 403

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Work & the Heart

What does work do to the heart? Does mental or physical exertion have the greater effect? And what about hearts weakened by disease? In a search for up-to-date answers to these questions—matters of life and death to increasing numbers (mostly men) in highly developed countries—Western Reserve University held a postgraduate course for physicians in Cleveland last week. The consensus: work is good for the heart; physical work is best; and most heart-disease victims should be trained to do more of it.

"If we start with a healthy heart," said Boston's Dr. Paul Dudley White, 76,

falling 30 points" may send the heart racing faster than it would during a hard set of tennis.

For the physician, said Dr. Hinkle, the most workable definition of work is Tom Sawyer's: "Work is what a body is obliged to do, and play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do." And while there is evidence that the demands of the job may affect the health of the man, it is equally true that the nature of the man is an important factor in determining the extent to which the job is demanding. "The demands of the job," Dr. Hinkle said, "are those perceived in it by the individual."

Not in the Job. That a surgeon performing a delicate operation may work his heart as hard as any factory hand was demonstrated in ingenious research reported by Western Reserve's Dr. Herman K. Hellerstein. Investigators rigged up 39 surgeons with electrodes for continuous electrocardiograph records and a cuff for blood pressure readings, fitted the doctors with masks to monitor their oxygen consumption, and conducted a battery of other tests, both before and after the operations. Though the surgeons may have done nothing more strenuous than cutting and tying small blood vessels, they expended, on the average, as much energy as welders or drill-press operators. At the climax of the operations, their hearts raced to an average of 118 beats per minute, with one surgeon logging 155.

By other measurements, the surgeons fell into two distinct groups: 23 showed no change in blood pressure, while 16 had marked rises. And neatly tying together the theories of Drs. White and Hinkle, the Western Reserve researchers found that the surgeons who expended least excess energy were the best physical specimens. In general they were the ones who showed, on psychological tests, as least likely to over-react. Concluded Dr. Hellerstein: "The circulatory response depends upon something other than the requirements of the work. This 'something' resides in the individual and not in the job."

Hormones & Arthritis

Betty S., daughter of a Manhattan TV writer, was stricken before her fourth birthday. What began as a sore throat and pain in the ankles soon developed into a full-blown case of Still's disease—the name given to rheumatoid arthritis when it attacks children. Betty was sent to a hospital for intensive care of her swollen joints. Main item in her treatment was heavy dosage with hormones of the cortisone family, which relieved her pain and kept her joints reasonably flexible. But Still's disease weakens a child's bones and hampers growth; ironically, cortisone aggravates that part of the problem. By a feedback mechanism in the body's complex interplay of hormones, cortisone tends to shut down the pituitary gland, source of the all-important growth hormone. In five years, Betty grew only four inches. Off cortisone for a while, she

grew five more, but after that she seemed condemned to live out her life as a 4-ft., 1-in. dwarf.

Only from Man. Last week in Chicago, Drs. William H. Kammerer and Peter E. Stokes told the American Rheumatism Association that in the last 18 months, Betty has grown almost eight inches. Now 14, she is only about four inches short of the U.S. average. With her arthritis quiescent, she is still growing. The dramatic change took place because Betty is the first childhood arthritis patient to be treated, as a few victims of pituitary dwarfism* have been, with one of the most maddeningly hard-to-get substances known to medicine: human growth hormone, or HGH.

Extracts from animal glands (even some from the pituitary, such as ACTH) are easy to get and work well as replacement for many human hormones. Growth hormone is the exception for which the human body apparently insists on its own brand. (Monkeys' hormones would probably work, but the glands are too small.) Since HGH cannot yet be synthesized, the only source of supply is man. A few medical examiners seek authorization to remove the pea-sized pituitary at autopsies on both adults and stillborn babies. The tiny glands are sent to one of three university laboratories. There, after five or six days of exquisitely delicate chemical processes, each gland yields about one twenty-five-thousandth of an ounce of HGH. Because of its scarcity, HGH is only available for research, not for sale.

Betty S. now gets five injections a week, and each day's shot contains the HGH from three human glands. Until new sources of supply are developed, there will never be enough HGH, even for the relatively small number of children who need it. Meanwhile, some doctors have suggested that pituitaries, like corneas, should be willed to a gland bank. Plans for such a bank are now under study at the National Institutes of Health.

For Women Only. Even when this bank is in business, though, it will be no help to full-growth adult victims of rheumatoid arthritis. For them, the doctors at the Chicago meeting discussed a different but equally ingenious treatment. Since female sufferers who become pregnant usually get relief about the third month, asked Dr. Roger Demers of Quebec, why not try the effects of a pseudopregnancy? A condition resembling pregnancy so far as hormone balance is concerned can be produced by giving a woman heavy daily doses of norethynodrel (trade name: Enovid), which serves as an oral contraceptive when taken in smaller doses for only 20 days a month. Dr. Demers has tried out the idea on ten patients. All showed marked improvement after three months and were able to give up their cortisone-type drugs; four seemed completely well. But the treatment offers no hope for men because it may damage the testes.

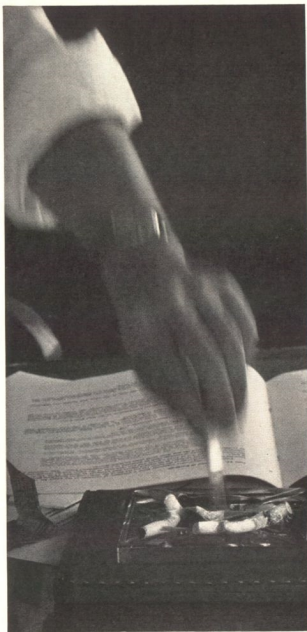
© Children whose growth is arrested by a shut-down in the pituitary's output of growth hormone. Often the cause is unknown; sometimes it is a tumor.



SURGEON UNDERGOING OXYGEN TEST
What a man is like makes a difference.

elder statesman of cardiology, "physical labor or exercise apparently helps to keep it healthy. There is no evidence, that mental work per se causes heart disease, although in excess it may lead to neglect of proper health habits, and thus perhaps favor the early development of heart disease. The best antidote for the harmful effects of intensive mental work is vigorous physical labor or exercise."

Engine or Computer? Underlying all arguments about mental vs. physical work, said Cornell University's Dr. Lawrence E. Hinkle Jr., is the question, "What is work?" Using the physicist's definition, "A force acting through a distance," work done by the heart could be measured in relation to the amount of coal a man shovels, or how much tennis he plays, or how far he walks. But man's nervous system is a data-processing mechanism that regulates the rate and rhythm of the heart without regard to the volume or energy of the signals it receives. Bright sunlight or a thunderclap may have no effect on the heart; a vital message read in semi-darkness or a whisper that "A.T. & T. has



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RELIGION

Faith & the Scientist

"I see no conflict between science and religion," Geneticist George Beadle told a gathering of Christian laymen in Chicago recently. "The answer to the question of creation still remains in the realm of faith. In early Biblical times . . . it was believed as a matter of faith that man was created as man. Since then, science has led us back through a sequence of evolutionary events in such a way that there is no logical place to stop . . . until we come to a primeval universe made of hydrogen. But then we ask, 'Whence came the hydrogen?' and



BIOLOGIST BEADLE

The God of science has retired.

science has no answer. Is it any less awe-inspiring to conceive of a universe created of hydrogen with the capacity to evolve into man than it is to accept the creation of man as man? I believe not."

This credo, from a top scientist who is also president of the University of Chicago, illuminates the new terrain of the conflict between science and religion. Last week *TIME* correspondents sampled scientific and theological opinion all over the U.S. to find the borders of the terrain.

After Darwin, Doubt. In the aftermath of Darwin, scientists grew increasingly confident that their questioning disciplines could eventually supply all answers, and were increasingly contemptuous of *Genesis* and all other parts of the Bible that conflict with science's discoveries. After World War II, when science capped humanity's plight with the hydrogen bomb, some scientists joined the nation's postwar religious revival. But eventually, though the churches had by then conceded much to science, many of the converts found them still too laden with ceremony and dogmatism for the scientific taste.

Beadle's statement implies that God set

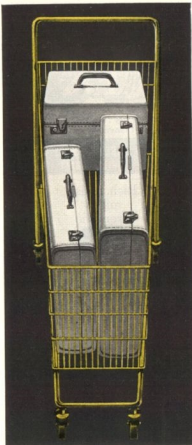
the universe in motion and then "retired," and this is an idea now much favored by scientific believers. Many, accepting this hydrogen-God, go on perforce to reject the person-God of Christianity. Beadle's credo thus seems to be central in the new terrain, though scientists' beliefs spread both ways in a wide spectrum from atheism to total faith.

An Ordered Universe. In the postwar technological explosion, scientists have seen trusted "laws of nature" replaced by subtler hypotheses, discovered that the more they know, the more remains to be learned. "Scientists are not as cocksure as they used to be," says Botanist Edmund Sinnott, former dean of Yale's Graduate School. They have come to show greater respect for the kind of questions that religion—although not necessarily the Christian church—asks. "Most of the scientists I know," says Boston University Theologian Edwin Booth, "believe in the immanent principle of life in the organic universe. If they are religious, they call it God. If they are not religious, they have awe and reverence for this principle. But it isn't retired, nor is it personal. It is greater than personal—it is absolutely essential to the principle of life itself."

By far the majority of scientists and technicians interviewed by *TIME* agree on belief in an ordered universe. "I feel increasingly impressed," says one Princeton physicist, "by the great miracle that the world, so to say, exists. Its irregularities are as mysterious as its regularities." Microbiologist Seymour Hutter agrees that the day of scientific materialism has passed. "All good scientists stand in awe and wonder at creation," he says. "Only matter-of-fact scientists who are either inarticulate or brute mechanics might not have this sense of awe."

Useful Ethics. For some scientists this new sense of awe increases their love and understanding of the God spoken of in the Bible. "I see no conflict," says Biochemist Robert Smillie, a Roman Catholic, "between believing in a personal God and investigating a scientific fact." Others find that they can easily belong to churches only if technical questions about God and the nature of the universe are mentally put aside. Admits Theologian Booth: "If many scientists were asked to give affirmation of their belief in the Creed, they would have to leave the church." Religion, for many of them, becomes primarily a matter of being neighborly, providing good examples for children, or subscribing to a code of useful ethics. To James R. Dempsey, president of General Dynamics Astronautics, religion is primarily a matter of living up to the Golden Rule. "If this isn't enough," he says, "then I'm not going to make it."

Scientists who get concerned with theological problems resent the lack of interest by the clergy in trying to adapt the verbal expression of dogma to changing times. Caltech Physicist Richard Feynman argues that theologians should redefine the body



How to shop for a motor hotel (and why you should)

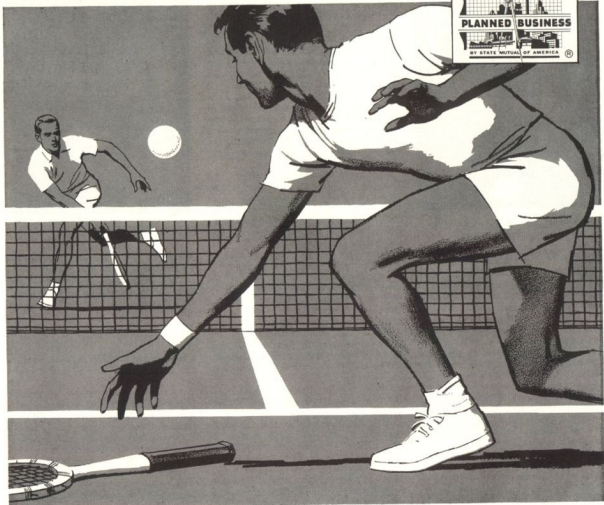
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A symbolist should get...

Revels Without a Cause

Italy's wispy President Antonio Segni had just arrived for the grand opening of the Venice Biennale when a scruffy little man with a ragged little beard rushed up to him and dramatically emptied the contents of a briefcase at his feet. The President's guard, ever on the alert, quickly drew his sword, but all that he saw was a half-dozen grey mice scampering for safety. It turned out that the intruder was a Venezuelan artist who has a passion for mice, paints pictures of them again and again, and thinks that the Biennale neglects them shamefully. The Biennale—the world's biggest and flashiest art show—managed to open just the same.

As usual, the Italian press refused to be caught praising the show. One critic wrongly suggested that to give money to the prize-winners was irrelevant, and should be immaterial; a symbolist should receive a symbolic prize, an impressionist should be

given the impression of having received a prize, and an abstractionist should get something more abstract than cash. Yet many seasoned observers joined in being critical: the big show was, as far as the exhibitions were concerned, one of the tamest since the first Venice Biennale, in 1895. The great abstractionists had taken their place in history, and there seemed to be little new to generate a comparable excitement. Thus dealers and collectors were unusually hard put to search out the big names of the future and snap up what they hoped would be bargains.

Man from Oklahoma. As always, the Biennale was one party after another. The ineluctable Peggy Guggenheim gave a series of luncheons and dinners at her palazzo on the Grand Canal. Entertaining at a Tiepolo-lined rented palazzo was the flamboyant Greek-born beauty, Iris Clert, whose far-out gallery in Paris is credited with discovering Jean Tinguely, inventor of machine-operated sculptures that destroy themselves, and the late monochromist Yves Klein, who used his nude models as "living brushes." Her star discovery this year was Harold Stevenson, a young man from Idabel, Okla. He dresses from head to foot in white and sports a white flower in his buttonhole. His portrait of an English lord is done in 25 scattered panels, so that "each of his lordship's grandchildren can have a piece." Iris Clert calls Stevenson "a new Michelangelo. I adore him."

Iris gave an open-palace party that was attended, if sometimes only briefly, by "everybody." The next night, the Chicago collectors Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Maremont chartered a *vaporetto* to take 130 guests to dine on the island of Torcello. After dinner, a band was brought in and everyone did the twist, including British Sculptor Lynn Chadwick and René d'Harn-



PAINTER STEVENSON
... a symbolic prize.

noncourt, the chief dignitary from Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

New "Sensations." As for the art, there were the customary acres of mediocrity, but a number of artists became what Biennale veterans call "sensations." One was Sculptress Louise Nevelson, whose "wall furniture," made up of bits of wheels, old banisters, ax handles and boxes, occupied three dazzling rooms at the U.S. pavilion, one all white, one all black, and one all gold. Another "sensation" was Austria's 33-year-old Friedrich Hundertwasser, whose luminous mazes have no top or bottom because he paints them on the floor. A grim-faced man who has a red beard and a stunning Japanese wife, Hundertwasser rented a floor of a palazzo on Giudecca and converted it into a Japanese house.

The visitors played the Soviet pavilion for laughs: the same old proletarians were there striking the same old noble poses. The Japanese pavilion seemed imitative and about ten years behind the times. At the British pavilion the idol-like sculptures of Hubert Dalwood aroused interest. The Spanish pavilion was dominated by 22 brooding, eagle-like bronzes by Pablo Serrano. The official brochure stated that "man is at bottom no more than an animal looking for a hole to hide in"—an extraordinary statement, it seemed, to come from the cultural section of the Foreign Affairs Ministry of Roman Catholic Spain.

Top Artists. From the start, of course, a chief topic of conversation was: Who would win the grand prizes? In painting, rumor had it that the French Canadian Jean-Paul Riopelle would win. And there were hopes, not confined to Americans, that Louise Nevelson would win in sculpture. Instead, the big international prizes of \$3,200 went to the honor-laden veteran Alberto Giacometti, whose brilliant whittled-down figures have become almost as familiar as the rocking chair, and to Painter Alfred Manessier of France (see color), whose canvases are controlled and meticulously painted in bright colors that glow like stained glass. It was among the



PAINTER HUNDERTWASSER & WIFE AT JAPANESE PAVILION
An impressionist should get the impression of a prize.

• VENICE
• BIENNALE
WINNERS



"RESURRECTION," BY TOP PAINTER, FRANCE'S ALFRED MANESSIER

TYPICALLY ELONGATED BRONZE FIGURES BY WINNING SCULPTOR, SWITZERLAND'S ALBERTO GIACOMETTI





ENNIO MORLOTTI'S "STUDY IN CORN"



CAPOGROSSI'S HARD-EDGED "SURFACE 406"



CALO'S "TENSION" & WALL SCULPTURES, BOTH CALLED "PLATE"

Italian winners, a distinct category at Venice, that names not widely known elsewhere appeared (see opposite):

► Giuseppe Capogrossi, 62, a descendant of Sicilian aristocracy who abandoned figurative painting some 14 years ago, deliberately set out to find a symbol that would be his personal alphabet. After two years, he hit upon a sort of comb-like image—sometimes so small that it looks like an insect and sometimes so large it looks like parts of a giant machine—which he has used ever since.

► Ennio Morlotti, 50, a former accountant, whose paintings at first look like abstractions but are actually closeups of nature—green cornstalks, fields of wheat, bunches of artichokes. Morlotti overpaints and overpaints again, until his pigment lies an inch thick on the canvas. He then gouges out strong lines to reveal the basic structure of his subjects.

► Umberto Miliari, 49, sometimes begins a sculpture by working with corrugated paper, which is then molded in plaster before casting. His bronzes have a fluid look, may suggest anything from a piece of torso to a fragment of a melting grille. ► Aldo Calò, 52, can turn out spiky sculptures that look like giant cacti or a cluster of forms tailored to elegance. But he also has a passion for "the free gesture." He often punches his fist through a plaque of wax, which is then cast into bronze. Another "free gesture" was achieved by smashing a hole through a triangular piece of wood with a sledge hammer.

But if the Biennale was notable for anything, it was for the fact that the "free gestures" were a good deal rarer in the works of art than among the patrons. The artists seemed to be in a state of indecision after the great days of postwar abstraction; instead of thrills, they offered only suspense—the suspense that comes from not knowing what will come next. And so, as if in compensation, the patrons took to partying a bit more compulsively than ever before.

Painter X & Dealer Y

Diffidently, and often only when pressed to show the better pictures that he might have in the back room, would Vienna Art Dealer Willy Verkauf let customers see the works of the talented new painter in his stable. The works were mostly collages—cockeyed compositions of doors leading to nowhere, scraps of road maps, photographs of machinery, tiny human beings caught in endless labyrinths. They proved immensely popular. In the past three years, Verkauf has been responsible for selling about 100 pictures by André Verlon; he arranged one-man shows for him in Munich and Düsseldorf, found gallery outlets for him in Paris, Basel and Milan. Last week Verlon was on show at the Brook Street Gallery in London, and Manhattan's D'Arcy Galleries will exhibit his work next fall. André Verlon is doing nicely for a man who does not exist.

A Gushing Monograph. It was three years ago that Dealer Verkauf, upon finishing a collage, brushed in the name of Verlon and thereby turned a pleasant



VIENNA'S VERKAUF-VERLON
Better stuff in the back room.

hobby into a thriving little business. Soon Verlon collages began turning up at Vienna shows, and among a small group of collectors, he became known as a hot discovery. Dr. Werner Hofmann, director-designate of Vienna's projected Museum of the Twentieth Century, not only snapped up a Verlon for his new collection, but also wrote an enthusiastic article about the new painter in Zurich's English-language *Art International*. The good doctor found the collages to be "a series of insights into the condition of man. The conception is ironic and bitter. It attests to a suffering, mutilated humanity, and yet there are successful concentrates in which man's dark and unredeemed nature, his vacuity and homelessness seem to change suddenly into a wild 'nevertheless.'" Dealer Verkauf lost no time in turning the article into a little monograph in French, German and English.

When Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art began gathering its controversial "assemblage" show (TIME, Oct. 6), it included a Verlon. Biographical details about the man were scarce—Verlon, Verkauf explained, was too shy to seek publicity—and Verkauf was always vague about his whereabouts. Finally a woman art critic notified Verkauf that she wanted to do a piece about Verlon for the semiannual *Quadrum*. "I had a sleepless night," he recalls. "I got up at 3 in the morning, wondering what I would tell her. I was nervous because she was a respected critic and I did not want to get her into trouble. So I told her, 'I am Verlon.'"

Chicanery? Last week Vienna art circles were in a quandary about the Verlon-Verkauf affair. The critics—including Dr. Hofmann—did not withdraw their praise for the collages, but Verkauf's elaborate hoax did seem to smack of chicanery. If Painter X can promote himself under the name of Dealer Y, Dr. Hofmann pointed out, he could carry the process one step farther and create a demand for Painter X by buying him under the name of Collector Z. Says Hofmann: "The unknown painter who has his own works at auction to increase their value is not unknown to modern art."

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CINEMA

Every Italian a Stallion?

Boccaccio '70 claims, ingeniously or disingenuously, to be the sort of thing the great Florentine would have written had he had to add an Eleventh Day to the *Decameron* in Italy in 1300. But Directors Federico Fellini, Luchino Visconti and Vittorio De Sica, each contributing a story to this motion picture triptych, give moviegoers not so much the unself-conscious bawdry of Boccaccio as the neopagan body worship that a witty Vatican editorialist recently styled "erotic vagrancy."

THE TEMPTATION OF DR. ANTONIO (Fellini) thumbs the well-worn psychological text that outward prudishness masks inward prurience. Prim, black-suited Dr. Antonio (Peppino de Filippo) is a self-constituted one-man vice squad who sees signs of obscenity everywhere. One sign that puts him into a puritanical dither is a huge billboard featuring a slinkily gowned, reclining platinum blonde who holds a mammoth glass of milk in her hand and endorses the consumption of that beverage. "Take her down," says Dr. Antonio to snickering city officials and discreet church fathers. One night, as Dr. Antonio tramps obsessively around the sign, the poster girl (Anita Ekberg) comes down and offers to be his, all 50 ft. of her. Like a huge cat, she toys with her ankle-high mouse. She lifts him to the glacier-like promontories of her bosom, and poor Antonio drops his umbrella into the crevasse. She plucks it out disdainfully, like a black toothpick, and darts it at him. As the fantasy continues, Dr. Antonio dons medieval armor to tilt against this she-devil whom he must kill for fear of loving. Next morning, white-coated asylum attendants pry the demented doctor loose from the top of the billboard.

THE JOB (Visconti) probes the boredom and despair of the very rich. A handsome young Milanese count (Thomas

Milani) has created a front-page scandal by associating with \$1,000-a-night call girls. He fears that the father of his German-born wife Pupe (Romy Schneider) will cut him off without funds. As husband and wife debate their dilemma and their relationship, the camera feels its way like a sybarite over the textures of the setting and the people. The props are excruciatingly chic, ranging from Aubusson tapestries and Canaletto paintings to Actress Schneider's Coco Chanel clothes. At one point, Pupe manages to wriggle out of these clothes with one hand while telephoning with the other in what is surely one of the more provocative stripteases to be recorded on film. The scene proves a heady aphrodisiac to the count, and they settle on a deal whereby the count can have his wife, instead of a call girl, at \$600 a night. In the story's sardonic finale, Pupe tearfully prepares for her "job" as the count waves a check in the bedroom air to dry the ink.

THE RAFFLE (De Sica), a raffish tale of peasant lust, tries the least and succeeds the best. The owner of a shooting gallery attached to a traveling carnival has coaxed Zoe (Sophia Loren) to be the bed prize in a \$5-a-ticket Saturday night raffle. In a smoldering curve-hugging red dress, Zoe can, and in one funny scene does, make a bull blink. The local farmers do the same when the timid town sexton (Alfio Vita) wins the raffle, but Zoe is suddenly stirred by a young motorcycle cowboy (Luigi Giuliani). Actress Loren is diverting as a comedienne, but she handles the romance perfunctorily, as if the flash of a social smile were the language of the heart.

Boccaccio '70 is a myth-transforming film. It re-shapes the Love Goddess into the Sex Goddess, abandons the philosopher's eternal feminine for the sculptor's finite female form. Technically, the film strains against the camping conventions of a dying realism. Fellini's episode, especially, with its ear-bruisingly inane drink-more-milk jingle ("Every Italian can be a stallion") and its massive billboard that is as hallucinatory as the giantess herself, displays a brilliant sense of how the surreal now impinges on, and modifies, the real. Meander though he does, Visconti produces the most hauntingly lingering image. He shows the death of love, which, paradoxically, may be the true subject of this erotic film.

Twist of Lemmon

The Notorious Landlady. "Oyme jus' the parlor mide," says Kim Novak in her best Berlitz cockney. "Are you a sleep-in maid?" asks arch Jack Lemmon, with his eyes doing the twist. "Coo, yew Yanks do kum raht aout wiv it, don't yew?" wuffles the new Eliza Doolittle. "Well, most of it, anyway," says Lemmon, a film comedian who knows how to throw away a line before it deserts him.

Kim pretends to be a cockney slavey only to get this beguiling if hokey mystery-comedy off to a start. As Mrs. Carlye



KIM & JACK
Blink, blink.

Hardwicke, an American, she owns the stately London town house, though she seems to have mislaid Mr. Hardwicke. Jack Lemmon, her tenant, is a U.S. State Department official named Bill Gridley, up from the sand lots of Saudi Arabia to the diplomatic big league of the American embassy in London. The neighbors, and Scotland Yard, have their own ideas about Mr. Hardwicke. "She killed him," say they.

Bill refuses to think this of Carlye, but his embassy boss, Franklin Armbruster (Fred Astaire), insists that he snoop on his notorious landlady. When Bill overhears Carlye phone for two men to carry out something that weighs 160 lbs., he gets rather queasy about the evening cook-out. He sloshes his Scotch from cheek to cheek like a chipmunk hoarding for a famine and finally gulps it like a plug of tobacco. His pouring hand is so erratic with the lighter fluid that he practically charcoal-broils the house.

The plot gets almost as impenetrable as a London fog: Mr. Hardwicke appears, only to be duly and ambiguously shot and killed by Mrs. Hardwicke. The ensuing trial scene could well have been edited out. But whenever the script gets draggy, Director Richard Quine perks things up with a sight gag—like Kim Novak tubbing with the nude serenity of the White Rock girl while the intruding Lemmon clicks his eyes open and shut at the speed of a navy signal light. In a berserk finale, Novak trades punches with a lady nurse the size of a Japanese Sumo wrestler, and Lemmon goes on a piston-legged, cliffside pursuit of an old lady's runaway wheelchair, with the old lady in it, while a brass band spiritedly renders *I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General*.

Jack Lemmon infects every line with his own comically contortatory body English, and Fred Astaire brings an engagingly woolly-headed P. G. Wodehouse idiocy to his portrait of a senior diplomat. Kim Novak has never been more opulently Kim Novak. Since she will never be an actress, the best time to enjoy her is now.



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This month marks Great Northern's Centennial and The only time we've looked back in 100 years



Hi, it's me, Rocky—speaking from my one and only favorite rostrum, that craggy mountain-top inside Great Northern Railway's trademark. And if my chest seems puffed out a little more than usual these days, let me explain.

This is Great Northern's 100th year—and you just don't celebrate one of those every day! Our exact centennial date is June 28th, in commemoration (Boy, isn't once in a hundred years I use a word like that!) of the first run of GN's No. 1 locomotive, the William Crooks. Actually, it wasn't more than a short "commuter" trip by today's standards—just 10 miles from St. Paul to St. Anthony (now Minneapolis)—but it launched railway service in the State of Minnesota and the Northwest.



Talk about progress—look at our old "No. 1" alongside the locomotive of the incomparable Empire Builder!

Honestly though, we've hardly had time to do much more than circle the "Big Day" on our calendars—for things are really humming all up and down GN's line. (Which, by the way, has grown from those original 10 "inter-city" miles to 8,280 miles throughout 10 states and 2 Canadian provinces.)

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I'll tell you, there's hardly anything that involves moving something from one place to another that GN's freight traffic men won't tackle and come up with a fast, safe, low cost solution. Try 'em and see!

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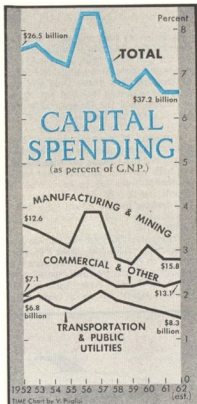
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U.S. BUSINESS



STATE OF BUSINESS

Studying the Timetable

When Labor Department Statistician Ewan Clague offhandedly remarked last week that the economy may well spin into a recession next year, he was simply echoing what has become everyday talk in the U.S. business community. Businessmen are well aware that no one has yet repealed the economic cycle. Few seem to question that there will be another recession of some sort, though they disagree over its intensity, and wonder when it will come.

There is no immediate danger, or so the current business indicators say. Though retail sales fell slightly last month, consumer spending remains strong. Housing starts, spurred by an unprecedented demand for new apartments, are up 23% from last year. U.S. industry is producing more, and its employees are earning more than ever before. Since the recovery began 16 months ago, productivity has increased by 8% and the gross national product by 9%. But some ominous clouds are gathering.

Drop in Demand. Of the Government's 30 "leading indicators"—those which historically foreshadow the future turns in the economy—a sobering 20 are now pointing down. New orders for hard goods have been slipping for four months. Prices of industrial materials have been dropping for five months, and steel manufacturers, who tried vainly in April to raise prices, are now shading them because demand is so soft. Manufacturers generally are cutting the length of the working week.

Worst of all is the disappointing pace of capital spending. Business spending to expand or improve plant and equipment has accelerated only half as fast as the Kennedy Administration had hoped, and is actually smaller in relation to the G.N.P. than it was five years ago (see chart). This year it will barely top \$37 billion, or only 6.6% of the G.N.P. By contrast, the nations of Western Europe are plowing an average of 10% of their gross national product into capital expansion and modernization.

Search for Dynamism. Why aren't U.S. businessmen spending more? Confidence is one key, for capital spending represents businessmen's dollar-backed bets on the future of the economy. Confidence is hardly helped by the fact that U.S. industry as a whole has not produced at more than 85% of capacity for the past two years. The stock market plunge has also prompted some cutting back in the spending plans of small companies that had hoped to raise capital by floating stock issues. Big companies, which get most of their expansion money out of retained profits and depreciation, are not so directly affected by the market's gyrations and hence are pushing ahead with spending they have already planned. But many of them are delaying decisions on whether to spend still more until three things become clearer: 1) what the economy will do next, 2) what President Kennedy's attitude and actions toward business and profits will be in the months ahead, and 3) what the promised changes in depreciation allowances and tax credits for investment will look like.

Most businessmen chorus that capital spending will not rise smartly until profits do, for profits give them the incentive to expand and the cash to do it. Says Raymond Saulnier, who was President Eisenhower's chief economist: "This is the point that must not be overlooked in the dialogue on growth: we cannot get our economy moving as it should be unless we restore some dynamism to business profits." A quick tax cut would do just that by raising consumer demand and lowering business expenses. But so far President Kennedy is sticking to the stand that there will be no tax slash this year.

The Smaller They Come. With all this in mind, businessmen and economists are soberly reconsidering their timetables for recession. Many who had originally predicted that the recovery would run through most of next year now figure that it will run out of steam in early 1963, or even in late 1962. Chase Manhattan Bank Economist William Butler expects a downturn to occur by Christmas. General Electric Co., which had expected that the economy would go on improving till next spring, is now operating on the assumption that it will begin to top out in this year's last quarter.

If recession strikes so soon, the current recovery will prove to be the shortest

as well as the shallowest since the war. But there is one consolation: most economists reckon that, whenever it comes, the next recession will be one of the mildest ever, because the economy has not built up big enough for a hard fall.

WALL STREET

Where's Bottom?

Ever since Wall Street's Blue Monday crash, economic sages ranging from mutual fund managers to Treasury Secretary C. Douglas Dillon have been recalling the late John J. Raskob's half-forgotten rule of thumb (TIME, June 1) that even the stock of a promising company should be priced at no more than 15 times the company's per share earnings. If that ratio held, the warning ran, the Dow-Jones industrial average would have to sink to 540. Last week it fell even farther than that; in five days of almost unbroken declines, it dropped to 539.19, the lowest closing since Oct. 28, 1958.

On Monday, for a brief moment, the average climbed to 583.08, a little better than three points above its closing the previous Friday. Then it began a nosedive that did not stop even after it broke through its previous 1962 bottom of 553.75, set during the black hours of early morning trading on May 29. All told, 410 stocks, running the gamut from glamour to blue chip, hit new 1962 lows last week. Among them were the shares of such preeminently solid companies as Shell Oil (29½), Ford (74¼), General Electric (55½), U.S. Steel (42½), General Foods (61), Du Pont (170½) and Dow Chemical (42¼). A.T. & T., which last year joined the growth stock club with a high



of 139%, ended last week at 100%. Quipped one analyst: "If it goes to 90, it will be paying 4% and will be right back where it started—in the widows and orphan class."

The Stock Exchange itself published convincing evidence that a lot of U.S. investors believe the slide is not yet over. In the month ended June 15, the Exchange reported last week, short sales on the Big Board rose by a record 1,344,000 shares to a total of 4,611,000. Short sellers bet that the market will go lower by borrowing stock and selling it at the current price; their hope is to repay the borrowed stock with shares bought later at a lower price. Short selling is a tricky business usually left to professionals, and the SEC last week released figures showing that New York Stock Exchange member firms have, in fact, been heavy short sellers ever since Blue Monday. But lately the pros have been joined in their short selling by hordes of small investors who,

quired time between greasing and oil changes to 36,000 miles, more will have self-adjusting brakes, and nearly all Big Three cars will follow Chrysler's lead by offering alternators—which do a better job than generators at charging batteries in city traffic—as either standard or optional equipment. Automakers also plan to add a bit more length to many of their cars—though the '63s will still be far from the insolent chariots of the 1950s. Most notable changes:

GENERAL MOTORS hopes to snatch off some of the Thunderbird market with its all-new **Buick Riviera**, which looks like an outsized version of Volkswagen's Karmann Ghia with a big American grille. The Riviera will have a 117-in. wheelbase, 340-h.p. engine, and come in a four-passenger, two-door, hardtop model. Chevrolet, also hoping to cut in on the Thunderbird, plans to introduce a **Corvette** model with the "fast-back look" (Detroitese for the convex rear lines popularized by Jag-

vertible to its line, will grow 2 in. and abandon the European styling it has worn for the past three years in favor of more rectangular lines. In a confusing exchange of identities, this year's **Dart** will grow 6 in. (to an overall length of 208 in.) and be rechristened the **Dodge**, while what is now called the **Lancer** will grow 7 in. (to 196 in.) and become the **Dart**.

AMERICAN MOTORS has clamped the industry's tightest security over Rambler's heavily restyled **Classic** and **Ambassador**. On both models, the wheelbase will be lengthened from 108 in. to 112 in., but overall length will stay the same; the busy-looking lines of recent years will be simplified and side windows will have curved glass.

STUDEBAKER jumped the gun on new-model announcements when President Sherwood Harry Egbert introduced the radically different **Avanti** sports coupé two months ago (TIME, April 13). Ultimately, Egbert intends to begin styling

THE '63s



BUICK RIVIERA



FORD FALCON CONVERTIBLE



CHRYSLER 300

disregarding their brokers' warnings, think this is the only way to make money in today's market.

Since the short sellers sooner or later must buy stock to replace that which they have borrowed, their dealings theoretically should provide a built-in rally for the market shortly. Many Wall Streeters were counting on the inexperienced short sellers to lose their nerve and start buying last week as soon as prices sank low enough to let them get out with a profit. But the amateurs, obviously convinced that the bottom is yet to come, calmly watched the market go through low after low without making a move. And the longer they wait, the less likely it is that their eventual buying will give the Dow-Jones average any significant lift.

AUTOS

The Right Formula

Though the first public unwrapping of the new 1963 models is still two months away, Detroit is already debating knowledgeably the characteristics of the new cars. Since sales of the 1962 cars are going so well, the automakers have decided that the right formula for 1963 is more of the same: more pizzazz, more convertibles, more horsepower, and more emphasis on less maintenance.

Some of the 1963s will extend the re-

car's hot XK-E). The big **Chevrolet** will have its rear doctored to resemble the pointed silhouette of this year's Chevy II. **Pontiac** will set its dual headlights vertically, and on the pizzazz **Grand Prix** plans to introduce a new "prestige" color: iridescent blue-black.

FORD, for the first time, will offer **Falcon** and **Comet** convertibles. Falcon sedans will take on the Thunderbird's crisp roof line. The intermediate **Fairlane** and **Meteor** will add station wagon models and both will change their grilles, the Fairlane from flat to concave and the Meteor to a forward thrust. The standard-size **Galaxie** will have its massive circular taillights set into cylindrically sculptured rear fenders in a kind of twin jet effect. So that customers can tell a Mercury from a Ford, the **Monterey** will boast a reverse-sloping rear window that can be opened and shut electrically from a dashboard switch.

CHRYSLER, spurred on by a further decline (from 10% to 8% this year) in its share of the U.S. auto market, has done a massive restyling job on almost all its models. The **Chrysler 300** will acquire a new sheet-metal skin and squared-off rear that give it lines a handsome simplicity. **Plymouth** will switch to a Thunderbird-like roof, will also square off its 1962 rear end—irreverently known in Detroit as the "duck butt." The **Valiant**, adding a con-

vertible to its line, will grow 2 in. and abandon the European styling it has worn for the past three years in favor of more rectangular lines. In a confusing exchange of identities, this year's **Dart** will grow 6 in. (to an overall length of 208 in.) and be rechristened the **Dodge**, while what is now called the **Lancer** will grow 7 in. (to 196 in.) and become the **Dart**.

MARKETING

Semi-Converted

For nearly a decade, the bitterest hold-out against the rush to retail trading stamps was the nation's biggest grocery chain, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. Only last March did A. & P. reluctantly get into the game with Plaid stamps. Last week, at the company's annual meeting, President Ralph W. Burger, who two years ago condemned the stamps as a "drag on civilization," conceded that they may be good for business.

With the stamp plan now in operation in half its 4,400 stores, A. & P. is currently ringing up its biggest sales ever; in the three months ending May 26, said Burger, the chain's gross climbed 4½% above any other quarter in its history. But Burger still had some lingering reservations about stamps. So far, he reported, the surge in sales has not produced any increase in profits—though A. & P. expects profits to "catch up" once the heavy costs of installing the stamp plan are past. And when a

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stockholder asked whether recent price increases in A. & P. stores were caused by higher commodity prices or the cost of the stamps, Burger's reply was candid and joyless. "Both," he snapped.

CORPORATIONS

Off to the Creek Bank

Tacked to bulletin boards in the sprawling Lone Star Steel plant near Daingerfield in East Texas was a folksy message to the company's 4,600 employees: "I've got a can full of worms, a bucket of minnows and a cane pole, and I'm headed for the creek bank." Thus last week did white-haired, Stetson-hatted E. B. (for Eugene Benjamin) Germany, 69, announce his retirement after 15 years as president of one of Texas' most remarkable and controversial corporations. Continuing as chairman, Germany will be replaced as Lone Star's chief executive officer by tough, taciturn George A. Wilson, 52, who headed Dallas' TXL Oil Corp. until it was sold two months ago to Texaco for \$200 million.

Chosen after a five-month search by Lone Star's board, Wilson is chipped from the same block as Gene Germany. Born in the Louisiana oilfields, Wilson got a law

furnace mill was sold for \$7,500,000 to an optimistic group of Texas businessmen. To run it, they chose Germany, a onetime schoolteacher and salt packer who had grown wealthy as an oilfield wildcatter. Borrowing from the Reconstruction Finance Agency, Germany added open-hearth furnaces, manufactured steel pipe and sold it to oil drillers on the promise that he could ship cheaper than Eastern mills and on 24 hours' notice. Using low-grade local iron ore to save on transportation costs, Germany made good on his promise, and before long Lone Star was one of the top suppliers of pipe in the Southwestern oilfields. With more borrowed money, Germany then launched a \$40 million expansion program and broadened his product line until it ranged from reinforcing rods to air raid shelters. Last year Lone Star earned \$3,559,000 on sales of \$71.2 million, ran at 68% capacity compared with an industry average of 60%.

To a region that had subsisted on corn and cotton, Lone Star was a godsend. "I grew up in this town," said one Daingerfield resident. "I can remember when maybe one or two mule-drawn wagons would come to town a day. We were dead before E. B. Germany and Lone Star." Along

many—picketed outside. Pipelines were cut, bombs thrown, and nonstickers attacked until the Texas Rangers had to be called in to end the violence. Since then, labor relations have been at least quiet. But, says one local minister, "Mr. Germany keeps stirring the ashes of the past."

Earlier this month, Germany informed his employees that since President Kennedy had blocked any increase in steel prices, Lone Star could not afford to grant the increases in fringe benefits that the rest of the steel industry agreed to in last March's labor negotiations. The union, which now boasts more members at Lone Star (2,000) than ever before in its history, is considering another strike. If that happens, E. B. Germany will not need to seek out a creek bank to find himself with a can of worms.

AVIATION

Hughes Gets His Way

In 42 U.S. and Canadian newspapers this week, full-page ads purchased by Boston's near-bankrupt Northeast Airlines will thankfully proclaim: "Welcome aboard, Howard Hughes!" After stalling off enigmatic Industrialist Hughes for two solid years, the Civil Aeronautics Board last week grudgingly authorized his Hughes Tool Co. to buy 56% of Northeast's outstanding stock from New York's Atlas Corp. The consideration that finally turned the tide in Hughes's favor, said the CAB in its caustic decision, was "not whether Hughes Tool Co. could provide efficient management, but whether Northeast would have any management at all."

On the face of it, Hughes's victory seems a Pyrrhic one. For the \$5,000,000 that he will pay Atlas, Hughes will get control of an airline that lost \$9.4 million last year and currently reports a "net worth deficiency" of \$23.4 million. Merely to keep the line alive is certain to cost Hughes many millions more. And by decreeing that transactions between Hughes Tool Co. and Northeast may not exceed \$100,000 a year without its specific approval, the CAB seems to have ruled out a lucrative trick that Hughes used to practice with Trans World Airlines: buying planes through Hughes Tool and then reselling them to the airline at a profit.

Despite this, however, Hughes had every reason to be satisfied with last week's action. Northeast's massive losses can be applied as tax credits to the handsome profits earned by Hughes Tool, and the aviation industry is betting that Hughes will yet find a way to pass off on Northeast the four idle Convair 880 jetliners still owned by the tool company. More important, Hughes obviously hopes to use Northeast as a weapon in his fight to regain control of the TWA shares (78.1% of the line's outstanding stock) that edgy creditors forced him to put into a voting trust two years ago. If he can pull harlequin Northeast out of its difficulties (which will not be easy), it will be increasingly awkward for the bankers and the CAB to hold to the line that Hughes is too erratic and inefficient a manager to be permitted to run TWA.



LONE STAR'S WILSON & GERMANY

With a bucket of minnows, a cane pole and ashes of the past.

degree at Tulane, taught oil and gas law there until he was lured away to run a series of small oil companies. An avid collector of hunting rifles, Wilson relaxes by taking potshots at Texas' innumerable jack rabbits. "He must shoot thousands of them every year," says a friend. "He does it to keep his eye in practice."

"We Were Dead." Wilson's eye from now on will be mostly upon the amazing steel mill that sprang like a jack rabbit from the East Texas piney woods. Built by the Government during World War II to produce pig iron, Lone Star had yet to pour any metal when V-J day arrived. Soon after the war, the unpromising one-

with booming payrolls. Lone Star sponsored baton-twirling classes for girls, baseball clinics for boys, professional workshops for teachers and ministers. Employees were married and buried from a chapel at the plant.

Fire in the Ashes. Like many another Texas tycoon, Germany is politically an ultraconservative and an implacable enemy of unions. His battles against the United Steelworkers Union undid most of the good will from baseball and baton twirling. In 1957 Lone Star was hit by a 23-day strike. While Germany and 770 workers slept, ate and poured steel inside, 2,600 other employees—summarily fired by Ger-

AIR CARGO ENTERS THE JET AGE.....



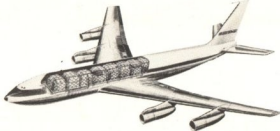
The newly-announced Boeing 707-320C cargo-jet represents an important air freight breakthrough. For the first time, air cargo will be able to move in volume at pure-jet speeds. Shippers will enjoy the advantages of "next morning" deliveries in volume, across a continent, or an ocean.

The latest member of the Boeing jet family, the -320C is a development of the 707-320B turbofan Intercontinental. It retains all major systems and components, thus allowing the economy of standardized spare parts, ground handling equipment and training.

Already purchased by two carriers — Pan American and World Airways — the -320C has a cargo payload of more than 45 tons over a range of 3500 miles. The

upper deck is readily convertible to all-passenger, all-cargo or combination configurations. Cruise speed with full payload is 575 mph.

The brilliant new 707-320C was designed to provide the lowest cost-per-mile cargo operation and the highest reliability. It will open a new chapter in world-wide air cargo growth when it goes into service next year with Pan American World Airways and World Airways.



BOEING CARGO JET

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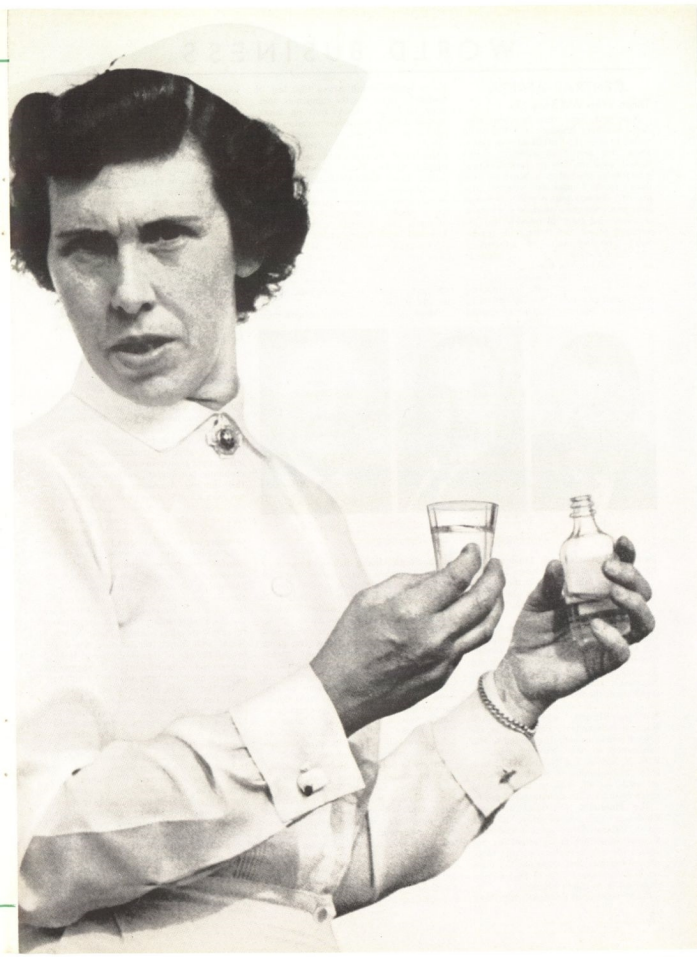
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WORLD BUSINESS

CENTRAL AFRICA

Three Who Will Stay On

Nine years ago, when Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland united to form the Central African Federation, this new Commonwealth nation looked good to foreign capital. Lured primarily by the riches of Northern Rhodesia's famed Copper Belt (current production: 600,000 tons a year), U.S. and European companies swarmed in to throw up everything from oil refineries to auto assembly plants. Before long, the federation's sprawling capital of Salisbury, a city about the size of El Paso, began to enjoy a wild building boom.

Today, 20% of the office space in Salisbury is vacant, and only by imposing rigid exchange controls has the federation government managed to avert a crippling

is the British South Africa Co., last of England's royal charter companies operating in Africa. B.S.A. runs no mines, instead collects handsome royalties (\$28 million in 1961) from land leases. Under aging (77) Colonel the Lord Robins, a transplanted Philadelphian and onetime Rhodesia scholar, B.S.A. has consistently fought rising Kenneth Kaunda and, by general rumor, still shovels money to rival—and less aggressive—African leaders. As a result, according to Rhodesians, "Kaunda has declared war on B.S.A." Although Lord Robins earlier this month announced his retirement as B.S.A.'s president, the war seems certain to continue, and B.S.A. now reinvests only about \$2,500,000 a year in Rhodesia, is diversifying as rapidly as possible into Australia and Canada.

More hopeful is Harry Oppenheimer,

wage parity with the country's 8,000 white miners (who average \$6,600), and after Kaunda takes over in Northern Rhodesia, the Africans are sure to press their claims even harder.

But in the long run, Sir Ronald Prain, R.S.T.'s chairman in Central Africa, is confident that Northern Rhodesia can keep its place as the world's second largest copper producer after the U.S. Bracing for the future, R.S.T. has taken no hand in federation politics for the past three years, and argues that even if Kenneth Kaunda does lead Northern Rhodesia into secession, he will need the mining companies' tax money and technical knowledge to keep the country going. On that assumption, R.S.T. is about to spend another \$29 million to develop a new open-pit mine in the Copper Belt. Says Prain: "A sense of urgency leading to bold decisions may well be the course that contains the least risk."

ITALY

Shock Treatment

Nowhere in the Western world, save Cuba, does a government own and run so many businesses as in Italy. The practice took hold during the Fascist corporate state days of Benito Mussolini, and has been kept alive by a strange coalition of left-leaning politicians and swashbuckling economic bureaucrats anxious to expand their empires. Almost every time an Italian rides a train, plane or ship, lights up a cigarette, salts his food or gasses up his car, he is patronizing a government monopoly. And pretty soon he will be doing so whenever he switches on the lights.

Late one night last week, after five hours of debate, the Cabinet of Christian Democratic Premier Amintore Fanfani announced plans to nationalize Italy's electric power industry. This was part of the price that Fanfani had agreed to pay for the parliamentary support of powerful fellow-traveling Socialist Pietro Nenni. Nenni, who frankly regards this as a step toward the end of free enterprise in Italy, has scored a real coup: Italy's power industry has more than doubled its output in the last decade (to 60 billion kilowatt-hours last year) and has prospered despite the fact that its rates are the Common Market's cheapest. Even its critics could find only one thing to fault: the industry, going where the business is, has built much more power capacity in booming north Italy than in the poorer south.

If, as seems certain, Parliament approves the nationalization, the government will buy the shares of publicly listed power companies for the average of their 1959-61 prices—a generous 23% above currently depressed levels. Prices for non-listed shares will be based on the valuations that the companies carried on their 1960 books. All told, the government will pay out a total of \$2.4 billion.

The power companies, which will be pressured by the government to spend the



PRAIN

OPPENHEIMER

ROBINS

Standing against a tide of pessimism.

flight of capital. On the London Stock Exchange, shares in Rhodesian Selection Trust, one of the titans of the Copper Belt, have dropped from 37 shillings to 25—despite the fact that they pay an 18% annual dividend.

The economic troubles mirror the nation's political plight. The federation is fast falling apart because of racial conflict between its 300,000 whites and 7,000,000 Africans. Nyasaland, under fervid African Nationalist Hastings Banda, is ready to secede from the federation, and secessionist pressure is steadily mounting in Northern Rhodesia, where the United National Independence Party of wiry, intense Kenneth Kaunda is expected to win handsomely in next October's elections. With Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia gone, white-dominated Southern Rhodesia would be left with no hinterland in which to market its manufactured goods.

The Holdouts. For most investors, Rhodesian and foreign alike, all this makes Central Africa seem a bad risk. But one important group is holding out against the tide of pessimism: the three great companies that dominate the Copper Belt and have a stake of \$850 million to defend in Northern Rhodesia.

Least confident of Rhodesia's Big Three

53, the South African diamond king whose Anglo American Corp. mines 60% of Rhodesia's annual copper output. Oppenheimer strongly argues that the federation must be held together under a white-dominated government. But unlike B.S.A., Anglo American has not been openly hostile to African leaders. Moreover, along with Rhodesian Selection Trust, it has contributed \$4,500,000 to construction of primary schools for Africans and has advanced the Northern Rhodesian government another \$20 million in rural development loans. Reported Oppenheimer to Anglo American stockholders recently: "We are not afraid of change, and we believe we will be able to work successfully with governments of the future."

Safety in Boldness. Most optimistic of all is Rhodesian Selection Trust, which is 43.5% owned by New York's American Metal Climax, Inc. R.S.T.'s hardheaded directors do not deceive themselves about the immediate future. Copper prices—which in booming 1956 stood at \$1,204 a ton—have now dropped to about \$655 a ton and are held there only by a voluntary 10% production cut on the part of R.S.T. and Anglo American. Labor unrest looms; Rhodesia's 40,000 Anglo miners (who average \$750 a year) have struck once for

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INTERNATIONAL Trucks with METRO Bodies give you factory-matched chassis and bodies, with optional interiors and choice of styling to meet your requirements. Weight-saving bodies increase payload, forward control design makes for ease in driving and working.

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cash in southern Italy, plan to continue the diversification that they have foresightedly been undertaking for the past decade. The Edison Group, which is Italy's biggest utility and one of Nenni's favorite punching bags, has already spread into dozens of industries from steel to synthetic fibers. But even the fat compensation promised the companies is scant solace to many Italian businessmen, who fear that this is only the beginning of further government assaults on private enterprise. Cried Alberto Ferioli, deputy secretary of the business-minded Liberal Party: "This policy threatens Italy's economic miracle." And even Ernesto Manuelli, president of the state-owned Finsider steel combine, was moved to concede: "For the consumer, this is likely to make things worse rather than better."



REUTERS

SUPERMARKETEER WESTON
From Wicks Vaporub to Reis Knusperle.

RETAILING

The Cut-Rate Cornucopia

At 6 o'clock every morning last week, the queues began to build up in front of Buenos Aires' two sparkling new Minimax supermarkets. When the glass doors opened at 7:30, hundreds of bargain hunters rushed in to buy Argentine beef for 15¢ a pound (most B.A. groceries sell it for 30¢) and other foods at 25% to 35% less than standard Argentine prices. Though the second store has been open only three weeks, the success of the two Minimaxes is so certain that their backers—the Rockefeller brothers, plus a group of Argentine financiers—are already building three more.

Daily mob scenes in Buenos Aires are part of a revolution in food retailing that is lowering prices and raising living standards around the world. From Singapore to São Paulo, the old corner grocery tradition of small volume and high markups is being washed out by the made-in-U.S.A. idea of mass marketing.

Since the Pasta. The supermarkets have grown fastest in Europe's rich soil. In Florence and Milan, the Rockefellers' International Basic Economy Corp. has

opened eight supermarkets that the Italians fondly call "the *Americano* stores"; the Americans have brought down the price of pasta as much as 40%. In Belgium, Chicago's Jewel Tea and Antwerp's Grand Bazar company have combined to open eleven supermarkets in the past two years, and last fortnight announced plans to open four more. Not only do these Belgian markets dramatically undersell corner grocers (examples: 5¢ v. 8¢ for a cake of soap, 52¢ v. 70¢ for a pound of cheese), but they have added a new verb to the Flemish language. It is *superen*, and it means to take a social hour in the supermarket, usually at night and with the family, piloting a pushcart among mountains of cans and valleys of pre-packed meats.

Undoubtedly the most successful supermarket in Europe is Toronto-born Wilford Garfield Weston, 64, a philanthropic, publicity-shy millionaire who controls the U.S.'s National Tea Co. and Britain's huge Allied Bakeries. In the last five years, Weston has built a chain of 236 supermarkets in Britain, is adding to it at the rate of three new stores a week, and intends soon to absorb two grocery chains in France.

Besides all this, Bakery King Weston has gone from batter to wurst by opening 93 supermarkets in West Germany. This chain, manned largely by Germans who learned their trade running G.I. commissaries for the U.S. occupation forces, now grosses some \$60 million a year. Unlike supermarketiers elsewhere, Weston does not try to undersell the German corner grocers. Instead, he outsells them by offering a far wider variety of goods, including such recently adopted Teutonic favorites as *Wicks Vaporub* and *Reis Knusperle*—which are Rice Krispies that do not go snap, crackle, pop but "knisper, knasper, knasper."

Bumps in the Aisle. The supermarketiers have run into some initial opposition in Europe. In Italy, Communists damn the *supermercati* as "American monopolies," and local chambers of commerce have a way of stalling licenses for new ones. In France big stores are taxed more heavily than small shops.

But these last-ditch measures probably will not stop the decline of Europe's beloved inefficient *charcuteries* and delicatessens. As affluence spreads and more and more Europeans get autos and refrigerators in which to pack bigger bundles of groceries, the swing to supermarkets is bound to grow. According to Herr Doktor K. H. Henksmeier, director of Cologne's Institute for Self-Service, booming Europe still needs no fewer than 100,000 more supermarkets.

GERMANY

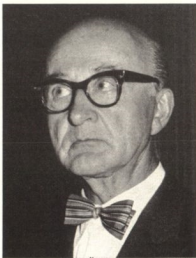
Krupp Without Teeth

For half a century, West Germany's Demag Corp. has hustled the world over, selling steel mills and mining machines, bridges and boilers, cranes and canal diggers. In the process, Demag has grown into Europe's biggest manufacturer of heavy machinery. Last year Demag's sales

in 97 countries totaled \$250 million, and one-third of the world's rolled steel is now churned out by Demag-made mills. In ironic tribute to the company's size—and the fact that it has never made weapons—Germans call it "Krupp without teeth."

Chiefly responsible for Demag's growth has been bald, bespectacled Hans Reuter, 67, whose father launched the firm with a 1910 merger of three small Rhineland machinery makers. Last week, after 22 years as general manager of Demag, Reuter stepped up to chairman, to devote his time to such pet projects as Demag's atomic research program. To replace himself as operating boss, Reuter named burly Engineer Heinrich Müller, 62.

The difference may be hard to tell. Ruhr-born Müller joined Demag in 1927, five years after Hans Reuter went to work there, and rose from compressor salesman to head engineer. For the past two decades, he and Reuter have worked together 14 hours a day, automating Demag's production lines, planning new products, and maneuvering salesmen around the globe to outbid competitors. A slow-spoken technocrat, Müller is alleged by his plaintive subordinates to start



ERIC SCHALL

DEMAC'S REUTER

From boilers to canal diggers.

his work day "shortly after midnight," i.e., 7:30 a.m.

To mark the shift in command, Hans Reuter delivered a valedictory to his stockholders (who include 30% of the company's employees) from the flower-decked stage of a movie theater in Demag's sleepy home town of Duisburg. Characteristically, Reuter called for more growth and more mergers—both on the part of his own company and Common Market industry as a whole. Said he: "Larger combines are necessary. If the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. have steel combines which produce 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 tons annually, we in Europe cannot be satisfied with works of a capacity of only 2,000,000 tons a year." Standing by to equip Reuter's proposed new European combines: Demag, of course.

THE PLAIN FACTS ABOUT OFFICE COPIERS



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New World Cacophony

ANOTHER COUNTRY (436 pp.)—James Baldwin—Dial Press (\$5.95).

James Baldwin is one of the brashiest, brightest, most promising young writers in America. A New York Negro whose early novels won him a series of money grants to live and work in Europe away from race pressure, he discovered that despite everything, he had more in common with Americans—even white South-



JAMES BALDWIN
The chicks are wooden.

erners—than with Europeans. He came back five years ago to face again what it is to be a Negro in the U.S.

Since then, as a lecturer and essayist (*Nobody Knows My Name*), he has proved himself willing to step on anybody's toes—black or white—in order to get said what he feels must be said about his country. As social commentator, he insists that whites, in hiding behind public matters of housing and civil rights, have failed to face the real issue of racism—private human hate, which can be atoned for only by private human love. As literary critic, he has judged Negro and white writers with equal severity. Much was expected of Baldwin's new novel. Now out, it proves a failure—doubly disappointing not only because it does not live up to advance hopes, but also because it so clearly has tried to be an important book.

Chosen Identity. In one fictional fling, Baldwin has tried to unburden himself of all his feelings about racism and homosexuality, about the cacophony of despair and misunderstanding that he believes America to be. But in *Another Country* this is projected on a wholly inadequate fictional frame: six characters in search of love and self-knowledge in a Dostoevskian

substratum of Greenwich Village. Each has been chosen as a representative of melting-pot America. Negro Rufus Scott, a jazz musician from Harlem, has never been able to learn his identity as a man because he could never forget his identity as a Negro. His sister Ida battles the white world too, but ends by yielding to the love of her brother's best friend, an Irish-Italian from Brooklyn named Valdo Moore. Blonde Clarissa Silenski, a Boston aristocrat (Puritan uprightness, Puritan guilt), is disappointed in the second-rate values of her husband Richard, a teacher and writer of Polish immigrant stock. Actor Eric Jones (the American South) has had to quit Alabama for Europe, less because he is a homosexual than because he is fond of Negroes. But like Author Baldwin he courageously comes home to live with the truth about himself.

It is James Baldwin's point that these people, hopelessly intertwined past all concern for sex or color, are interesting individuals out of whose actions the meaning of the novel must emerge. But Baldwin's writing skill, adequate in simpler novels, is not up to maneuvering so complex a collection of people. The dialogue, in which all women are referred to as "chicks," is sometimes sharply comic, often hopelessly wooden. The action, which is slight, drags. The characters' inner soul searchings too often lapse into a kind of interchangeable interior recollection that seems to be carried on not by individuals but by Baldwin himself.

Shocks & Bore. Part of the literary problem is Baldwin's problem subjects. Negroes and homosexuals are individual human beings. But knowing that this is true is not enough to surmount the difficulty of making them seem so in fiction. As a sociological example of what can happen to a Negro who partly accepts the white world's continual assumption that he is inferior, Rufus Scott is a masterful study. In his affair with a gentle white girl, in his relation with a white friend he becomes an unappeasable black paranoiac whom no white man can understand and no amount of love can redeem. But as an individual he does not exist.

Perhaps because he feels personally compelled to face homosexuality in print, Baldwin relates all sexual contact in sober clinical detail. So much sex, so described, between humdrum heterosexual couples would have been, at best, a bore—and Baldwin knows it. Between homosexuals, after the first shock, it is also a bore—but Baldwin apparently does not know it. What's worse his male lovers sometimes use the kind of saccharine language that Baldwin would sneer at if he ran across it from characters called Bob and Linda in some slick women's magazine.

In an earlier essay called *Everybody's Protest Novel*, Baldwin insisted that the novelist, black or white, whether he is dealing with raw-skinned minority groups or not, has no excuse for bad writing or the use of sociological stick figures. He must instead work in the mysterious "web

of ambiguity, paradox, hunger, darkness" which is individual character. But Baldwin falls into the error that he deplors. In a modern world earnestly concerned with understanding abnormality, Baldwin will find many critics willing to judge him gently. The real question is whether, finally, he will be able to judge himself.

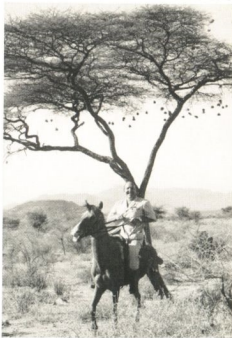
White Man's Burden

UHURU (555 pp.)—Robert Ruark—McGraw-Hill (\$5.95).

If the late great Ernest Hemingway was a man of achievement in search of a public character to match, Robert Ruark is a public character still in search of the achievement that can justify it. After his initial success as a Scripps-Howard columnist, Ruark moved to Spain, found himself a handsome villa on the Costa Brava, bought a high-power rifle suitable for shooting big game, and discovered Africa. With the discovery, he declared himself a novelist. It was a mistake.

His latest novel, like the earlier *Something of Value*, completely muddies the complex events taking place in Africa. Ruark obviously considers black Africans unfit to govern themselves. In *Uhuru*, Africans are portrayed as civilized on the surface but ready at the first opportunity to revert to savagery. Ruark's sympathies are all with the white settlers. On page after page, the whites denounce "nigs," "coons," "wogs" and even "Chinks" until the vituperation becomes a bore.

As in *Something of Value*, the hero is a superhuman, inhuman colonial who slaughters Mau Mau while they are sleeping, does not spare women or children—this would be a sign of weakness. The novel ends on a note of hope, from Ruark's



ROBERT RUARK
The wogs are scoundrels.

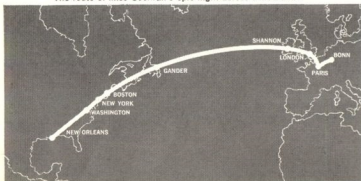


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Jacqueline Cochran has added brilliant new achievements to her career: At the controls of a Lockheed JetStar compact jetliner, she became the first woman to fly a jet across the Atlantic. And, in her flight from New Orleans to Bonn, West Germany, she became claimant for the most Federation Aeronautique/National Aeronautic Association records for a single flight — 69. These include 32 basic records (men as well as women) and 37 additional feminine records, one of which was a straight-line nonstop distance of 2,280 miles between New Orleans and Gander. The ocean was overflown in less than 4 hours. The men and women who built the airplane take pride in saluting this performance.

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The route of Miss Cochran's epic flight across the Atlantic



Newsmen inspect JetStar at Hannover, West Germany



point of view. One of the big African politicians gets a good dressing down from a colonial and finally recognizes that he should have stayed satisfied with his primitive life in the bush. "We are fast becoming a people of half-white, half-smart, half-civilized spivs and scoundrels and loafers and whores," he confesses.

"Huru" reads like one long adolescent tirade against the black man in Africa. Not only that, but Ruark exalts the very thing he most fears from the liberated African: irrational violence. This book is a paean to it.

The Dry Pornographer

STAND STILL LIKE THE HUMMINGBIRD (194 pp.)—Henry Miller—New Directions (\$4).

Henry Miller is still the world's most smuggled author—no Sarah Lawrence girl would think of returning to the temperate zones from her junior year abroad without a copy of his still-banned *Tropic of Capricorn* or *Rosy Crucifixion* hidden in the soiled laundry. But he is also the author most often skipped. That is to say, the almost unvarying gait for getting through one of Miller's books is: read four pages, skip four pages. Cynics will suggest that this is because the dirty passages in the *Tropics* or *Sexus*, *Nexus* and *Plexus* come at four-page intervals. This is shallow thinking. Actually the canny reader skips through Miller not so much to concentrate on naughtiness as to avoid what comes between. What does is ill-written blather on one of two subjects: 1) the downtrodden state of artists in the U.S. (and their utopian bliss in Europe), and 2) how the world's troubles would be solved if everyone would be nice to everyone else.

Stand Still Like the Hummingbird is a collection of essays written over the last 30 years, dealing with topics 1 and 2 and designed to demonstrate that Miller is really a serious thinker. But it may well ruin Miller's profitably bad reputation in the U.S. (*Tropic of Cancer*, free from federal restraint since 1961, is selling hugely, thanks in part to the police chiefs in some 60 communities, who hound it with a righteousness usually reserved for bookmakers who do not pay their protection money.) A random sampling produces: "Fresh from Europe, the American scene held about as much charm for me as a dead rattlesnake lying in the deep freeze. What can possibly give us the idea that we are a vital, lusty, joyous, creative people?" "The American is an unsocial being who seems to find enjoyment only in the bottle or with his machines." "It is particularly refreshing to observe the remarkable behavior and apparent contentment, often with little, of French children. Wise beyond their years, they seem no less joyous on that account." For a writer, Europe is "undoubtedly more grim, more terrifying, more fecund, and ever so much more real."

Yet this matter of reality is perplexing. The loathsome, reptilian U.S. seems real enough, but the suspicion arises that Miller is rhapsodizing a Europe that never

was. Sense and consistency are not what one asks of a polemicist. If his rotten eggs hit their target often enough, it does not matter what else they hit. And some of Miller's past eruptions have splattered the landscape marvelously, affronting puritans by proving the neglected Rabelaisian theorem that fornication can be funny. But more often, as in the present book, what Miller throws is not rotten eggs but gamy generalities (art is good, materialism is bad). His words tumble along at the same daft speed whatever the subject, but Miller, however good a pillowosopher, does not stand up as a thinker.

It is no great distance from youth's naive anger to the flatulence of age; pas-



HENRY MILLER
Missing with the eggs.

sage of time and belief in one's own guff are all that is needed to turn one into the other. Now, at 70, living in the mountains of California's Big Sur as guru to a small colony of disciples, Miller is quite capable of prating: "It would be a grand thing for any community, large or small, to set aside even five minutes of the day for serious contemplation. If nothing more were to result than the recognition of such a feeling of 'community,' it would be a great step forward." The '30s' chief literary threat to modesty has become the turbaned exponent of *The Power of Positive Plexus*.

The Same Jacob

THE SLAVE (311 pp.)—Isaac Bashevis Singer—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$4.95).

Novelists who persist, in a secular age, in chronicling man's war and peace with God are quite likely to be artists, or at least men whose obsessions speak with the force of art; the hacks are more likely to follow the fashion, which is to whimper at Meaninglessness. The late Nikos Kazantzakis (*The Last Temptation of Christ*; *St. Francis*) was such a God-obsessed artist, and so, in a slighter and less intense

way, is Isaac Singer, 57, a Pole (now a U.S. citizen) who lives in Manhattan and writes in Yiddish. His subjects are usually lovely Polish Jews, important only to themselves, God and the Devil; the mark of his skill is that he makes them—and makes God and the Devil—important to secular readers.

Tolerance & Temptation. The title figure of *The Slave* is a 17th century Polish Jew named Jacob. Marauding Cossacks have swept through his village, massacred most of the men, and carried the rest off to be sold as slaves. At the book's outset, Jacob has spent four years as a slave of the Gazdas, a Polish mountaineer people who practice a debased kind of paganism lightly colored by Christianity. Although a Talmudic scholar and a skilled wood-carver, Jacob has learned to tend the Gazdas' cattle, and he is tolerated because he is good at it. But he observes his dietary laws, refuses to fornicate with village sluts, and speaks of God as if God existed. For these eccentricities he is treated with contempt that threatens always to become murderous hatred.

Jacob's sore temptation is Wanda, the daughter of his master. She is intelligent and well formed. But by both Jewish and Christian custom of the times, marriage of Jew and Gentile must be punished at least by ostracism, probably by death. Jacob is ransomed and eventually wanders to Lublin, but finds no comfort among the city's Jews, who seem to have forgotten the Cossack massacres. They have grown fat. "All this flesh was dressed in velvet, silk and sables. They were so heavy they wheezed; their eyes shone greedily. They spoke an only half comprehensible language of innuendoes, winks and whispered asides."

Sickened by man and unable to love God, Jacob returns secretly to the Gazda village to find Wanda. They make their way to a Jewish squatters' community, where Wanda escapes detection as a Gentile by pretending to be mute, and Jacob, the scholar, shortly becomes a community leader.

Spreading Graves. By this point the reader sees that Novelist Singer, beginning his account amid cow dung and human bestiality, has subtly led his tale away from the kind of reality that is composed of what is probable and what is worldly. As the novel continues, it is legend. Wanda dies in childbirth, and her screams reveal her as a Gentile. Jacob is arrested, but escapes and travels with his infant son to Palestine. In his old age, Jacob returns to the village where Wanda died. He finds that her bones, buried in unconsecrated ground, have been surrounded by spreading graves; the dead have accepted the convert.

The core of the book is a chapter in which Jacob muses on his resemblance to the Biblical Jacob, whose wife, also the daughter of an idolator, died and left him a son. He thinks "perhaps four thousand years would again pass; somewhere, at another river, another Jacob would walk mourning another Rachel. Or who knew, perhaps it was always the same Jacob and the same Rachel."

V.P. in charge of Marketing

Civic leader; father of three; man on the way up—Vice President in charge of Marketing. And when he volunteers to do the marketing in person, he usually spends more money than his wife does. What does he get for his money? Items his family likes—foods he won't let anyone cook but himself—new products he's seen and would like his wife to try. And happily, his full market basket these days actually takes *less* of his disposable income than it used to. Back in 1939, groceries took 23% of the U. S. consumer's after-tax income; today a far greater variety of groceries takes

only 21%—the lowest average for any country in the world. As a result, our consumer has more to spend on his other interests, and also helps to make a better shopper out of the breadwinner. The colorful advertisements in LIFE introduce him to packages he must recognize by their color and design in the store. And the brands he sees in LIFE, the family's favorite magazine, are likely to be popular shopping selections with the whole family. LIFE, in short, is the magazine to help marketing vice presidents *take charge*.



TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Lolita. Wind up the Lolita doll and it goes to Hollywood and commits nymphomaniac, Sue Lyon, 14, is the titular heroine of the film, and Peter Sellers lights the encircling tedium with some inspired foolery.

Stowaway in the Sky dangles a grandfather and a grandson from an orange balloon, and wanders, lazy as a cloud, over the fair land of France. Filmed from a helicopter in exquisite mutations of color, *Stowaway* is a treat for the eye and a tonic to the spirit.

Merrill's Marauders goes behind the Japanese lines with 3,000 U.S. volunteers in Burma, and documents their ordeal as they fought, died and endured in the smothering heat and quiet of the jungle.

The Miracle Worker is Teacher Sullivan (Anne Bancroft), who guided the child Helen Keller (Patty Duke) out of the terrifying void of a sightless, speechless and soundless existence. The two stars, repeating their Broadway roles, are as fine as actors can be.

A Taste of Honey is a heady pint of bitter drawn from that always leaky cask of discontent, the British working class. As a girl with a wit too many and a skin too few, Rita Tushingham may be the feminine cinema find of the year.

Jules and Jim. In France, love makes the world go triangular. Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*) translates the ways of two men with a maid into a film that is charming, sick, hilarious, depressing, wise and, most of the time, quite wonderful.

The Counterfeit Traitor. In this superior spy thriller, Allied Espionage Agent William Holden outwits some believable Nazi monsters.

Five Finger Exercise is one long parental tug of war, in which the children serve as the rope, and the incessant strife almost kills the family's life.

Sweet Bird of Youth. A bottom-drawer Tennessee Williams play has been made into good Hollywood fare, with a nice scenic feel for the Gulf Coast and rock-solid performances by Geraldine Page as a has-been star and Paul Newman as her kept male.

I Like Money. Peter Sellers in a new film version of Marcel Pagnol's *Topaze*—a little slow, but fey and funny.

Joan of the Angels? The question mark is a salute to any who might be offended by this excellent Polish film about demons of eroticism loose in an Ursuline convent.

Through a Glass Darkly. A brilliant analysis of four lives—a father, his son, daughter and son-in-law—by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman.

TELEVISION

Wed., June 27

Howard K. Smith: News & Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Interpretation and analysis of the week's top news stories.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Subject: English classes given in Manhattan to doctors, lawyers, etc., from foreign countries.

* All times E.D.T.

Thurs., June 28

Accent (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). *The Fall of the City*, a verse play by Archibald MacLeish.

Fri., June 29

All-America Football Game (NBC, starts at 9:30 p.m.). Two teams consisting of senior All-Americans from last fall's college squads compete in Buffalo.

Sat., June 30

News Special (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). First of two parts on President and Mrs. Kennedy's trip to Mexico.

Sun., July 1

Meet the Professor (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Today's discussion wonders if U.S. universities have failed. Panelists: N.Y.U. Anthropology Professor Ethel Alpenfels, Berea College Sociology Professor Perley Ayer, M.I.T. Religious Philosophy Professor Huston Smith, and Stanford Sociology Professor Sanford Dornbusch.

Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Water-skiing in Georgia, plus the Irish Sweepstakes.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The origin, heyday and decline of the battleship. Repeat.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guests: Governors Wesley Powell of New Hampshire and David Lawrence of Pennsylvania.

Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC's outstanding Project 20 traces the history of the circus from ancient Crete to the present. Repeat.

Tues., July 3

International Championship Debate (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Students from Oxford University and North Texas State University argue the question: "Is the Decline and Fall of Western Civilization at Hand?" Texas will insist that it is.

Alcoa Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A superb show about group psychotherapy conducted by the U.S. Navy. Repeat.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum. Initially conceived by Plautus and cunningly performed by Zero Mostel, his fellow clowns and six delectable houis, this zany burlesquerie is good for high, low, and furrowed brows.

A Thousand Clowns, by Herb Gardner. This is nonconformism's funniest hour on the current Broadway stage. The entire cast, headed by Jason Robards Jr., deserves an award, especially tenderhearted Sandy Dennis, whose tears flow like spring wine.

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams, represents a return by America's foremost living playwright to the gentle mood and probing humanity that characterized *The Glass Menagerie*.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. This New York Drama Critics Circle prize foreign play might have taken its theme from Shakespeare's line, "Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul

is his own." The subject is the wit, scholar and martyr, Sir Thomas More.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a fountain of lighthearted satire spraying the inhabitants and customs of corporateland. As a young man who believes that the room at the top is reserved for him, Robert Morse stencils his talent, energy and personality all over this musical.

Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit, is deft and dotty as it slashes away at bad old Mom. As a sexy baby sitter, Barbara Harris makes the scene, the play, and the evening.

Brecht on Brecht. This revue-styled evening of aphorisms, songs, scenes and poems is a vivid introduction to a master of 20th century theater.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Letting Go, by Philip Roth. Characters are subtly and astutely drawn in this look at university life, but this impressive first novel eventually becomes episodic rather than cumulative.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. In a fresh comic book, the sage of Yoknapatawpha County matches Mark Twain as a teller of tall stories, laces his narrative with agreeable anecdotes.

Saint Francis, by Nikos Kazantzakis. This retelling of the life of the great saint has all the beauty of earlier versions, and much more power.

An Unofficial Rose, by Iris Murdoch. The romantic lower depths of Britain's upper classes intricately explored by an artful philosopher-novelist.

The Wax Boom, by George Mandel. This war story makes a point that others fudge: a soldier in combat is close to insanity.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. Northerners and Southerners are treated with equal insight and compassion in this vast exploration of Civil War writings.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. Human frailty is bitterly depicted in this voyage of the ship of life.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools,** Porter (1, last week)
2. **Youngblood Hawke,** Wouk (2)
3. **Franny and Zooey,** Salinger (3)
4. **The Agony and the Ecstasy,** Stone (7)
5. **The Bull from the Sea,** Renault (4)
6. **Dearly Beloved,** Lindbergh
7. **Devil Water,** Seton (6)
8. **The Big Laugh,** O'Hara (8)
9. **The Fox in the Attic,** Hughes (5)
10. **The Reivers,** Faulkner

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds,** Morton (1)
2. **My Life in Court,** Nizer (2)
3. **Calories Don't Count,** Taller (3)
4. **In the Clearing,** Frost (6)
5. **Conversations with Stalin,** Dijas (5)
6. **Six Crises,** Nixon (7)
7. **The Guns of August,** Tuchman (4)
8. **The New English Bible**
9. **JFK Coloring Book**
10. **Scott Fitzgerald,** Turnbull (8)




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